TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

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Around Town.

There is no more often recurring topic than that of how to prolong life. Especially with the ignorant longevity is the most important of all earthly considerations, and with many of those who are by no means uncultured, rigorous denial and mental torment are self-imposed in order to insure the three score years and ten, and, if possible, to acquire the strength necessary for four score years. Inspired writers tell us that all a man hath will he give for his life and even the chief promise offered to those who hold out faithful to the end is eternal life. There are very few who can sit down dispassionately and decide that for present enjoyment they are willing to sacrifice the length of their days, yet it is this sort of a sacrifice of long life which is easiest to make. Yesterday may have been filled with gloom, and to brighten to-day it does not seem hard to sacrifice a few hours of to-morrow, there always being the hope that after all it won't make any difference. It is when we come face to face with death that the value of life impresses itself upon us and in the offerings which at such a crisis men make we can see the strength or weakness of their character.

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Our spiritual advisers tell us, however, that we are making a choice of this sort every day. Possibly so. If we are doing it unconsciously there is but one requirement necessary to the best result, and that is that we do not sacrifice the good for the bad. Decisions of this, as of every sort, must be made with rezard to what is really desirable. If, for the pleasure of the moment, we give full play to our passions and commit excesses, the punishment of which is a dull and deadly re-action, then we are making an improvident choice. If we burn the candle at both ends it does not follow that we enjoy more than those who burn the candle at one end only, though we know that our life must necessarily last not nearly so long Foolish as such a choice as this must appear to everyone who has not begun to swing around in the vortex of alluring dissipation, it is after all more natural than the miserable hoarding of days, which is the other extreme.

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The man who makes a point of waking up at a certain hour in the mornings because he has been told that is the best way to live long, and eats for breakfast only those things which are intended to prolong life, walks, rides, laughs, cries, and goes about his business absorbed by the idea that he has nothing more important to attend to than the extension of his days, is a nuisance to himself and his friends and never really lives an hour except when he lets go of himself and forgets his sanitary regulations. I know plenty of men who never ride on a pleasure boat, take an excursion or go anything except with an idea of prolonging life. I should hate to be tied through this pilgrimage to anyone who so lacks *abandon* as to never drop the idea of trying to live to be eighty years old. Some of these people who coddle themselves all through their days last a long time, but I never knew one of them who died any too quickly to suit his or her friends. They are a perpetual nuisance. Draughts, cookery and being kept an extra five minutes out of bed, disturb their entire system. Of course this is all rubbish and the same people would last quite as long and have a much better time if they were not so absorbed in themselves.

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There are women who never eat candy or ice cream or wear corsets or low necked dresses or flimsy hats or sit up late o' nights or do anything that is specially feminine for fear they may fade away. There are men who have no impulse towards tobacco or stimulants of any kind, who avoid them because they have a distaste for them, but there are others who spend more than half their life time hungering for narcotics which they deny themselves lest they drop out a few months earlier. Others allow themselves certain rations of such things and spend the time between smokes or between drinks hungering for the next one. It would be much easier to deny themselves altogether, but they feel their constitution demands something, and thus their programme involves a great deal of misery and a very little pleasure.

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It is really remarkable how much time and thought we give to our physical to-morrow. I think Christ's advice to taketh no thought of the morrow might properly be applied to a straining after longevity lest we make all our days miserable in endeavoring to prolong them. A great writer once said that life is to be measured by heart throbs, not by hours, and it is quite possible to crowd into a few years all the experiences, pleasurable and otherwise, which make up the monotonous round of three quarters of a century. Our lives most certainly can not be measured by counting the days in the almanac since we were born, or marking off as they pass the rise and set of suns on the calendar before us. The longer we live the smaller our capacity for enjoyment becomes, and very frequently the more acute are the pains and aches which grow upon us. If one dies at thirty or thirty-five the springtime and the best of the summer are over, if at fifty the glories of the fall are shadowed by the clouds of winter, if at sixty we may have seen the Christmas, which after all is but a solitary festival with the most of life outside of ourselves stripped of its foliage and the barren unbeautiful branches tossed and broken by the rough winds of winter. If by reason of strength we last to seventy or eighty, it is indeed too often the protraction of joyless days, the enduring of the storm by a branchless trunk, a final downfall amidst cruel, cold and unsympathetic loneliness, and a grave picked by fretful hands in the bosom of the frozen earth.

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To those, however, who have lived and enjoyed life, day by day, the coming and going of the seasons is scarcely marked. If they have enjoyed themselves the best they know how, made as many happy and as few miserable as possible, happiness with them is not a matter of season but of impulse. They have not frozen up all the perennial springs of happiness, they have not made their life one of rule and regulation, and they are the ones who avoid the mishaps of life's winter. Theirs is indeed a fortunate disposition which does not with the prodigality of passion and the extravagance of life's spendthrift devote itself for the first thirty years to the doing of things for which they must spend the balance of life in repentance, while on the other hand they have not wasted youth in a torment of unforgetful preparation for old age. If we lose all the bright days when we are young and have capacity for enjoyment, we have lost pretty much all there is physically speaking, worth losing. When we get too old to enjoy ourselves we may just as well have rheumatism and other miseries as not. They will only help to fill up an empty life. Of course in this connection I am speaking only of the physical aspects of the case and no matter how we may preach or be preached to, the fact remains that our health and digestion will have more to do with our religion and good behavior than the number of times we go to church on Sunday.

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A bright young friend of mine once told me that he had set up three altars—to the World, the Flesh and the Devil, and on them he was burning the incense of his efforts. I presume I looked somewhat surprised, probably shocked. "I have heard these things preached against," said he, forestalling my protest, "until I have been driven to their defence."

"How do you define them?" I asked, "for much depends upon the definition."

"Well," answered he, "from what I can gather from sermons the World means everything that is successful, the Flesh everything that is natural, and the Devil everything that is jolly."

Now, I believe in leaving these columns open to the discussion of all subjects which may disturb the mind of every reader. We ordinarily believe in the necessity of crucifying the flesh and shunning the devil, but there is a reason in my friend's declaration, and if we define these things properly it is possible for us to discover in his meaning something that is not so dreadful as his proclamation appears on first blush to be. We are all students of the world, anxious to succeed in this life. We are not cynical enough to hold that nobody has an aim superior to earthly success, but we have observed, even if it has not impressed itself upon us, that earthly success is one of the ambitions of even those who seek for spiritual safety. My reckless young friend's definition does not of necessity demand the abandonment of principle or the neglect of things spiritual. I esteem it more a protest against the tendency to achieve success by means of church prominence and the cloaking of one's aims and the disguising of one's method by affiliation with the church. He no doubt, you no doubt, heartily despise those who are honest because it is the best policy, and hold in contempt those who are pious because it pays. We may be honest and pious and still observe, without any consuming horror, the three altars that my young friend has set up, not because his idolatry is excusable, but because it is an idolatry which we all practise. We all burn incense at the same shrines, and we may as well know something of the strange gods to whom we offer sacrifice.

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Who can declare that he is not paying tithes to the world nor observing the conventionalities which Queen Grundy demands? Surely we are all cultivating the world, smiling on sinners because our business makes it necessary, parleying with profligates because they pay us money, supporting those who are unworthy of support because their support is again necessary to us. We wear our clothing in the fashion the world demands, have our hair cut and our beards trimmed, or, if we be women, submit the fashion of our dress, the exposure of our arms and bosoms, the piling up of our hair and the color of our gloves to the supervision of the world.

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As to the flesh, we do pretty much as our impulses teach us. We go to church if the impulse in that direction be strongest, to the theater if that dominates. We drink tea if that be the fashion of our set, or beer if our education has not given us a horror of it. We read naughty books either because we like to or in order to discover how wicked the modern author has become. The newspapers alone furnish us evidence that the flesh is being cultivated, not only by those who cater to it but those who are influenced by unsanctified and uncultured desires.

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The devil is so distinctly despised, yet so faithfully followed, that one dare say but little about him except in reproof, he is so horrible. The fate of his minions is so dreadful, the temptations he offers so numerous and seductive, the preachings against him so earnest that anyone who dare offer a word indicating that the people, notwithstanding all these terrors, still practised those things he is said to prepare and to share in the wickedness which we must admit are his inventions, must be reckless indeed. But it is not a case of recklessness when we recognize our failings and endeavor to see whether the cynical maxims of the popular youth of the day are not after all but bold statements of the controlling impulses of those who are careful to conceal the machinery which moves them. I speak only in the interest of honesty, with no intention of urging my readers to set up altars such as have been described. We are all best off when we understand what we are doing. With pretensions and principles that we make playthings of, prayers the fulfilment of which would anger us, preachings with which we have no sympathy, is it not best to understand our mental posture? wise to submit ourselves to an examination occasionally and see if we really hate the things we berate, and if we love those things which we affect? Every community is safe when it is sincere, it is pure when it is honest, it is progressive when it is not pretentious. Carlyle has said that to be original a man only needs to be sincere, that to be noticeable all he requires is to put into honest practice an accepted truth. Possibly at the beginning of the year it might not be out of place to size up all the good things we have been listening to and compare them with the practice of the preacher, and so take ourselves apart that we can examine the mechanism which moves us and see whether we are not self-delusive, whether we are not humbugging other people as well as ourselves, whether other people are not humbugging us and themselves. When we can answer these questions we can then more reasonably affirm our positions. We will be sweeter tempered in our criticism, more natural in our conduct, more tolerant of those few who have already discovered themselves and made a survey of their surroundings. If we are to be students of the world, to be larger than villagers, to be wiser than gossips, we must occasionally do this sort of thing. Having done it, it seems to me but few will bring any accusation against their neighbor and that no one can be announced as worthless without a thought subduing every mind to the meekness and piety of the suggestion made by the Divine Master, "Judge not that ye be not judged."

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Is there anything so frightfully disturbing as the telephone? Tempers usually equable drift into moments of the most violent passions while trying to arrange an interview over this modern means of communication. It being an inanimate object should prevent one becoming enraged at it, yet its utter unresponsiveness is its most enraging characteristic. One rings the bell, gets no answer; rings again and is answered by silence; repeats, and repeats again the experiment! There is a buzzing and a sort of a half answer and fury is prevented by the hope that matters are about to adjust themselves. Then another minute of waiting and shouting, which seems like an hour. More ringing, fiercer calls, then one wants to kick the thing! I think they have put the instruments so high up on the wall to prevent the ordinary person from kicking them to pieces. I would rather go into a rough and tumble fight any time than tackle the telephone. The rage that results from inattention or a misplaced connection or inability to get any answer is humiliating. One cannot smash the thing without becoming hideous in one's own self-respect, and yet not to do some damage to something when trying to get a response proves how weak and uninfluential our personality can be. I would rather walk half a mile than try to send a message over the telephone. I never think of using it for anything but absolute necessities, yet I suppose our system is no worse than others, though I pity others if they are no better. There may be some luck about it, too. I see other people go to the telephone and ring up most out-of-the-way places and get a speedy answer, but if I try it the line is always in use or central has gone away on a visit, or some other confounded thing has happened, and I am left in the presence of my own fury and a little box on the wall, which I cannot break without having to pay for it. The telephone is a great invention, but I do not love it.

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My readers must pardon, this week, the absence of local matter from my page, as I leave for the South before the events of the week will have transpired, and have prepared these reflections in advance. After this week a literary friend of mine will take up the thread of current events and treat of them until my return.

DON.

ON THE HILLSIDE.

The Influence of Names.

Some women were talking the other night about the influence of names and they claimed that when you named a child, especially a girl child, you simply made it for life; that a blonde baby christened "Julia" would turn dark and grow tall and dignified-looking and couldn't help it. That Florence was as certain to be blonde and to have an inclination to play dreamy music as Charlotte was to be an energetic housekeeper; that Fanny couldn't help being frivolous and flirty and that Katherine, with all her pretty diminutives, always made people fall in love with her, especially men people; that Maud and Cora would go to the "demnition bowwows" without any volition on their part and that Ida and Blanche were pretty certain to get there in time. That Mabel was apt to be a little frigid and Margaret had a weakness for being blonde both in appearance and temper. That Emily had a good strong will of her own and was apt to have gray eyes, and that Evelyn well, there seemed to be a general feeling that Evelyn was inclined to be a bit of a liar. Everybody's mother seemed to be named Mary and every woman at some time or another seemed to have a friend, who was very loyal, named either Frances, Edith or Helen; that Gladys was a pretty name for a girl as long as she was just a girl, but that it lacked dignity when she became a woman; that Louise had thin lips, was apt to be very decided in her views, and that Josephine was wheedling. All the diminutives of Mary were approved of and Dorothy was given a high place of honor as being aristocratic. Something was said about Barbara and one woman without much sense said she thought it was like a knife that cut, but another one with a good deal of sense said that a knife was as apt to defend you as to cut you. That is what three women said about women's names.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Limiting the Time.

Travers (to his washwoman)—Look here, Mrs. O'Reilly, isn't ten days rather long to keep a man's wash?

Mrs. O'Reilly—Sure, sir, it is, but me sons he has kept me busy.

Travers—Well, I hope after this you won't allow them to wear my shirts more than a week.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Social and Personal.

The dance given by Mrs. H. K. Merritt, on Tuesday night, was by many said to be the most thoroughly delightful of this season. The roomy Simcoe street residence was splendidly utilized and made an ideal one for entertainment. The ball-room was perfect as to floor and dancing capacity, while the musicians were so well situated in an alcove, that their numbers were easily heard by all. In the double-rooms across the hall refreshments were served and supper downstairs in the basement. The upstair rooms were arranged for dancers which were "sitting out" one, and the conservatory was splendidly illuminated and provided with seats, thus making an abundance of those more desirable of all details—cosy corners for pleasant chats or more serious *tete-a-tetes*.

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Mrs. Merritt wore a pale blue embossed silk, and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Bankes, pink brocade and diamonds; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, cream embroidered lisse over cream silk and trimmings of pink ribbon; Miss Seymour, pale blue silk, with moire sash; Miss Sibyl Seymour, yellow net dotted with brown velvet; Mrs. Crowther, black Irish pointe with yellow rose embroidery and buttercup silk; Miss Parsons, white tulle and silk, with white ribbons; Mrs. Bristol, white tulle and steel; Miss Castle, blue crepe with olive velvet trimmings; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, pale green silk; Miss Beaumont, gray and pink satin; Mrs. Douglas Armour, white silk with gold passementerie; Mrs. Gus Foy, black net and gold venetian trimmings; Miss Langmuir, white chiffon; Miss May Todd, blue net and satin, with pink flowers; Mrs. Torrance, white silk and pearl passemanterie; Miss Hugel of Port Hope, red and yellow spotted net; Miss Arthurs, pale blue surah; Miss Constance Brough, white surah; Mrs. De Lisle, white silk and gold embroidery; Mrs Walter Dickson, white embroidered lisse and silk with gold embroidery; Mrs. Ryerson, pale green silk and embroidered lisse; Miss Burns, white silk grenadine and pink roses; Mrs. Archie Langmuir, white silk; Mrs. Willie Ince, buttercup silk; Miss Yarker, white chenille dotted tulle; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, silver and white brocade with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, white brocade and gold; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, black lace over pink; Mrs. Allan Baines, pink brocade; Miss Bunting, white chiffon; Miss Wilkie, white and pale blue flowers.

Cards are out for a dance at Ravenswood, the handsome home of Mrs. George Arthurs. The date is set for the sixteenth.

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Mrs. Henry Cawthra will welcome guests to a dance on the fourteenth.

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Mrs. Donald Ridout gives a dance on January 20.

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The Yacht Club Ball is being talked of with uncertainty as to date, but with great assurance as to its pleasurable success.

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Mr. and Mrs. Eber Ward have returned to to Port Hope after the lengthy visit to Mrs. Cameron, which succeeded their tour abroad.

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Col. and Mrs. Sweny entertained a large assemblage at a ball on New Year's Eve. It has been the custom of this host and hostess to welcome guests each New Year's Eve, and the splendid balls are always most enjoyable ones. On account of going to press a day earlier this week, I am unable to give any of the particulars.

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I shall have details of a number of theater parties for next week, for the indications point to numbers of cosy companies formed for this evening and next week.

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The second Grenadier assembly will take place on Tuesday of next week. All are looking forward with pleasure to this dance, which must be indeed pleasant if it follow the splendid example of the first of the series.

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Donald Gutnrie, Q C., of Guelph was in the city for a few days this week.

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Mr. H. A. Ward, M.P.P. of Port Hope, spent a part of the Christmas week in town.

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Adam Brown, M.P. of Hamilton, paid a visit to Toronto this week.

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Mrs. J. E. Starr, wife of the popular pastor of Elm street church, held a general reception on Thursday January 1.

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The Lieutenant-Governor was At Home to a large number of callers on New Year's Day.

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On Saturday afternoon last a number of the friends of Mr. James Hewlett and Mr. A. E. C. Deacon, R.N., were at the Union station to wish them a pleasant trip across the Atlantic. Mr. Hewlett is going on a visit to his friends in England, and Mr. Deacon is going back to rejoin H. M. S. Swiftsure, after spending his leave with his father and mother, at 214 Wellesley street. He says he has been in many countries but has never met a people who are as sociable and who make one feel so thoroughly at home among them as the Torontonians.

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Mrs. F. J. Moore of London, Ont., well known in musical circles, is the guest of Miss Hillary of Breadalbane street.

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An entertainment, consisting of a tea and Christmas tree, was given to fifty newsboys in the Grip Printing and Publishing Company's building on Saturday evening. It was to inaugurate the establishment of a "Newsboys Rest" and reading room which the employes of this company are about to open. A bazaar will be held to raise funds for it, after which a formal opening will take place. Mrs. Harvie presided over the entertainment and ex-Ald. J. L. Morrison became sponsor for the project. The large room was tastefully decorated with mottoes, flags, etc., and the Christmas tree was loaded with fruits, which pleased the recipients mightily. Short addresses were delivered by Mrs. Harvie, Miss Wills and Mr. F. G. Wilson. Mr. J. W. Bengough got off some good things in the comic song and recitation line. Songs were also contributed by Miss Mortimer, Messrs. Jas. Fax and G. W. Grant. The project deserves the success it is sincerely hoped it will achieve.

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Last evening Mercantile Lodge, S. O. E. B. S. held its first annual dinner at the Avondale Hotel. A pleasant evening was spent by the members and their friends.

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The railway conductors of Toronto Division No. 17 met at their splendid ball and reception held in Webb's parlors on Tuesday night. The attendance far exceeded that of other years and the gay throng of spirited dancers seemed to enjoy the evening's pleasure to the fullest extent. The different branches of the committee were distinguished by the color of the rosette they wore and each division was most energetic in the efforts to promote the pleasure of the evening's entertainment.

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The Maritana Club will hold an At Home at Webb's on January 9.

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At Stayner on December 11, Mrs. F. J. Jewell and Miss Fannie Coleman gave a pleasantly arranged At Home at the residence of the former lady. Those present were: Dr. Wylie, M.P.P., and Mrs. Wylie, Mayor and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Devlin and Miss Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. M. Garlland, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. McRae, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Stewart, Dr. and Mrs. Jakeway, Dr. and the Misses McFaul, Mrs. W. Watson, Miss Minnie Cameron, Miss May McEachern, Miss Madge Sheppard, Miss Millie, Mr. F. J. Stewart, Mr. J. H. Jacks, Mr. Thomas Grimshaw, Mr. F. A. Clark, Mr. Harold Sheppard, Mr. Alfred J. F. Sullivan, Mr. A. C. Macintyre, Mr. John McEachern, Dr. Elliott of Creemore, and Messrs. W. G. and Charles Begg of Collingwood.

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Mr. Alexander MacMahon of Philadelphia, the eldest son of Mr. Justice MacMahon, has been spending Christmas at Clarence Lodge, his father's residence.

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Dr. W. G. King Dodds of Cincinnati, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Melville Edwards, of the same city, are the guests of the former's parents on Roxborough avenue.

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The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society held its first annual election of officers on Wednesday evening, December 17, at their hall, McCaul street. President, Miss M. A. O'Reilly (acclamation); vice-president, Miss M. L. Hart; recording secretary, Miss May Newton; financial secretary, Miss M. Donohue; treasurer, Mrs. L. Lang. After the election of officers, Mrs. Lang and Miss Georgie Duggan, on behalf of the society, presented Miss O'Reilly with the works of the late Cardinal Newman, together with a beautiful spray of flowers tied with the colors of the society. Miss M. L. Hart read the following address:

To M. A. O'Reilly, President of C. Y. L. L. Association:

DEAR MISS O'REILLY,—The year drawing to a close reminds us that we have still some duties to perform, among them that of expressing our appreciation of what you have done as president of our association. Though but little older than the year, our society has done much by bringing together, from all parts of the city, many interested in intellectual and Catholic work. As first president of our association you have shown yourself an example of punctuality, gentleness, amiability, tact and energy; in short, of all those virtues which make a true woman and the possessor of those talents essential in one who successfully presides. As our society has survived the ills that all infancy is heir to, we hope to see it develop until the child of your fostering care expands into a power felt throughout the city, at least of a wielder of good, not only to itself but to those around. All education of the day tends to the moral, physical and intellectual development of the subject. Preceding this by the word Catholic, and our aim is our standard, we are in harmony with the thoughtful of our times. Our numbers, though not large, are increasing, and if we turn not back—having put our hand to the plough—we cannot but succeed. And now, dear Miss O'Reilly, we ask you to accept these books and flowers. The former, we know, you will prize, as they contain the words of Cardinal Newman, the words of him, who though dead, shall live forever as the most chaste and classical writer of the nineteenth century. The flowers, in their perfume, breathe forth our gratitude, and in their color, symbolize the purity and warmth of our love. Wishing you all the joys that Heaven can bestow in the coming year, we are, dear Miss O'Reilly, the members of the C. Y. L. L. Association.

Signed on behalf of the association,

MRS. LANG,
M. DONOHUE,
GEORGIE DUGGAN,
MAY NEWTON,
MARGARET L. HART.

Miss O'Reilly thanked the members in a few kindly-spoken words, and the chorus, Auld Lang Syne, closed the last meeting of the year.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Southam gave a small dance to the *debutantes* of this season and their friends on Tuesday evening. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present.

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Miss Gartshore of Charles street, who has been spending a month in Detroit and London, has returned home again.

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Mr. Kimber, usher of the Black Rod, of Ottawa was in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Littlehales of Park street for a few days last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Carpenter of Hughson street gave a dance on Friday evening of last week in honor of their son and his charming bride who were married a short time ago.

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The Misses Roach, who have been in Boston for three months visiting their sister, Mrs. Charles Jones, have returned this week, after a most enjoyable visit.

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Miss Carr of Hannah street, who has been visiting in London, has returned home again.

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Mrs. Edmund Gaviller of Main street gave a most charming progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening of last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gates of London were in town spending Christmas.

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The Bachelor's Ball has been postponed till the sixth of February and will be given in the Grand Opera House.

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Miss Low of London, England, is the guest of Mrs. Bruce, Duke street.

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Master Warren White is home for his holidays and is the guest of his uncle, Dr. James White of Cameron street.

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Bishopshurst, the handsome residence of the late Bishop Fuller, has been purchased by Mr. Southam of the *Spectator*.

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The Norah Clench concert given in Association Hall, on Monday evening, was in every way a success. Miss Clench never was heard to better advantage in Hamilton and played with her usual dash and brilliancy of style which make her performances so delightful. She received double encores every time she appeared, and justly so, for she is one of Hamilton's greatest favorites. The others taking part were Mrs. Mackelcan and Mrs. Fenwick, who sang admirably, and Miss Agnes Knox, the elocutionist, at once became a favorite with the audience. The accompaniments were beautifully played by Master George Fox, the well-known violinist.

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Senator Sanford did not spend Christmas with his family as he had to leave rather hurriedly to attend to some business in England. He sailed on Wednesday of last week and will be absent about a month or six weeks.

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Mr. W. A. Murray of Toronto was in town over Sunday, the guest of his brother, Mr. A. Murray of Main street.

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Mr. Robert Myles of Toronto spent a day or two in town this week.

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Mrs. Charlton will deliver her charming lecture, A Few Days in Cairo, in the Cathedral school house on Friday evening. It promises to be most interesting and should be well attended, as it is sure to be.

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Mrs. Adam Brown and Miss Lillie Brown left last week for England, where they will remain for a year or two.

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Mrs. John Calder of Hughson street will give a children's dance on January 2.

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Miss Jessie Walker has returned home from London and Woodstock after a few weeks' visit.

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Miss Dyment returned to her home in Barrie after a few weeks visit with friends here.

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Dr. Lafferty, who has been so dangerously ill for the past week, is reported to be a little better.

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Mr. Armour of Toronto was the guest of Mrs. Lottridge of Bay street during Christmas week.

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Mrs. Warren Burton gave a charming afternoon tea on Monday in honor of her sister, Mrs. Barwick of Toronto, who spent Christmas here.

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Mrs. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. Henry Fuller of Herkimer street.

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Mr. Charles Bruce of Chatham, N. B., is in town for a few weeks the guest of his parents.

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Mr. John Gillespie of Winnipeg is spending his Christmas at home.

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Mrs. Wilson of Woodstock is the guest of Miss Walker of Hunter street.

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Mrs. Birkett of Bay street gave a small euchre party for her son, Dr. Birkett of Montreal, who is visiting here at present.

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A great many strangers are in town for the commercial traveler's ball on Tuesday evening, of which I will give an account next week.

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Miss Meredith of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. William Ramsay, Park street.

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The musical conversation that met here the first three days of this week is proving a great success, musicians being present from all the larger cities in the States and Canada.

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Mr. Harley Brown of London was in town over Christmas.

SYLVIA.

Books and Magazines.

The Song of the Exile, by Mr. Wilfred F. Skeats (Hart & Co.), purports to be a Canadian epic which extends its length through five cantos. It can scarcely be claimed as a valuable addition to Canadian letters. In the Song of the Exile the author has taken a subject too great for his powers. He has adopted one of the most difficult metres, that few, even of the great men, have succeeded in. Then it is quite evident that the source of his inspiration is not nature, but the works of other poets, and his footsteps are plainly visible in the gardens of Byron and Long fellow. His individuality is not strong enough to prevent the notes of those master singers from influencing his own tuned, and in consequence one meets a familiar sounding sentence here and there. In one or two of his shorter poems he touches a more original and happier note, but taking the volume as a whole one cannot but feel that it had better have remained in the sacred darkness of manuscript.

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The Atlantic has a good bill of fare for January. Note, an Unexplored Corner of Japan is the subject of a series of articles by Mr. Percival Lowell, a clever descriptive writer. Cleveland Abbe's paper, A New University Course will command attention. Mr. Charles Worcester Clarke writes about Compulsory Arbitration, in which he shows how the Americans allow themselves to be dominered by their servants. Sophia Kirk tells charmingly of A Swiss Farming Village and A Novelist of the Jura. Other contents are up to the Atlantic's usual standard.

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The story in *Lippincott's* for January will excite much attention, being by that author who is now on the top of the wave, Rudyard Kipling. Other contributors are Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who writes of the New Spanish Inquisition, Frederic M. Bird, Ruth McEnery Stuart and others.

•

Sarz, A Story of the Stage, by Celia Logan, is offered to the readers of the January number of *Belford's Magazine*, with a long list of other interesting matter from the pens of clever men and women writers in prose and verse. Prominent among these are H. Peyton Logan, who writes of The Lake Region of Wisconsin, Richard H. Stoddard, C. F. Lummis, Stanley McKenna and George Leson.

•

The January number of *Scribner's Magazine* is a most interesting number to the general reader. The Pigmies of the Great African Forest are described by Henry M. Stanley, with a couple of beautiful illustrations by Charles Broughton, an old Toronto boy. The second paper on Japan, by Sir Edwin Arnold, is as bright as the first, and the special illustrations by Blum even better than the first. A large number of miscellaneous articles will suit all classes of readers.

•

The January number of the *Trader* is the most tasteful production in this line of journalism which has come to this office. Although a trade journal it contains much that is of interest to the general reader. It is mechanically an example of excellent taste and good workmanship, and its rules on technical subjects are well thought out and expressed.

Grand Opera House.

One of the many attractions provided for Miss Tanner's new play, The Refugee's Daughter, to be produced at the Grand Opera House all of next week, are the magnificent costumes, which were brought from Paris. The first of these is a dinner gown and is composed of green. The bodice is of apple-green velvet and white moiré. The skirt and train are of pea-green crepe de chine embroidered in roses. The second and third act dress is the Hofern, and is a traveling gown of sapphire-blue ladies' cloth, embroidered in white and dark blue. The fourth gown is a demi-toilet of pink crepe de chine. A high collar and zouave jacket and a cestus and belt are the only bits of decoration upon the soft pink of the gown, these being a heavy embroidery in turquoise and steel upon ruby velvet. With this beautiful frock Miss Tanner will wear for jewels a set of turquoises and diamonds.

•

Foolish Extravagance.

Mr. De Style—My dear, I have engaged a box at the opera to-night.

Mrs. De Style—The idea! You know I'm so hoarse that I can't speak above a whisper.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Model of Neatness

"Noodles is certainly the neatest fellow I ever knew about his personal habits," said Snoopkins at the Platypus Club one afternoon this week.

"How so?"

One of the other men in the group about the little table at the east front window put the query and Snoopkins replied:

"Well, I mean that Noodles is an orderly fellow in his ways. You know very few men have any notion of putting things away. But he really has."

"Such things as what?"

"Why, clothes. At all events, I was thinking of them in particular. I've roomed with a good many fellows in my time, but of all of them Noodles is the most careful man as to the manner in which he puts his things away when he goes to bed."

"How does he do it, dear boy?"

"Well, you know the average man when he undresses walks around the room and throws his coat in one corner, his trousers in another, his necktie and collar in one place, his shirt in another place, and so on, distributing his garments without regard to order. But with Noodles it is different. He perambulates the bedroom as he disrobes, also, but he chucks his things all in a pile in the same spot. No matter where he takes off a garment he waits until he has got around to the same corner again before he deposits it. That's what I call neatness. Don't you.—*Washington Star.*

Feathered Friends.

A Brooklyn "sandwich man" of unpreposessing appearance, having apparently but few friends among human beings, yet is not friend less. His nearest and dearest friends are doves and pigeons. At almost all hours of the day they hover around him picking up crumbs that he doles out sparingly from his meagre store of food. It is a pretty sight and scores of people frequently pause to gaze upon it. Some of the birds are beautifully marked. Before alighting they circle gracefully around the "sandwich man," waiting for his signal to come to luncheon. This signal, which seems to be a sudden extension of the right arm, is thoroughly understood by the feathered beauties, for the instant it is given they flock about the unkempt and ragged man. In and out between his feet they waddle, picking up the crumbs in the most fearless fashion, while others perch themselves proudly upon his shoulders and take morsels of bread and cracker from his fingers. One dove, white as snow, is the star of this impromptu show. It has been trained to take a flight on the fly, for as the "sandwich man" tosses a bit of cracker in the air the dove flies up and catches it before it falls.

The Windows of the Block

A tired young man stood at the window of his room in his house on one of the up-town cross streets on Christmas afternoon, and looked at the window in the big, long brown-stone block on the other side of the street. He saw on the ledge of a third-story window of the house directly opposite a bottle of champagne. It had evidently been placed there to get cool. On the ledge of a second-story window of the same house he saw a photographic frame with a glass exposed to the light. Another ledge was the resting place of a pan filled with something which he could see was smoking hot. The young man owns a spyglass, and, looking through it at the smoking pan, he concluded that the girls in that room across the way must have been making molasses candy on a gas stove and had put the stuff out to harden. Turning his spyglass to the window ledges of other houses on the block he noted these exhibits:

A milk jar partly filled.

A large pot of some face preparation with a French label, the words of which were not easily discernible.

Two baskets of oranges, apples and grapes.

A wooden butter tray, the paper cover being turned up by a breeze, and dust sprinkling itself on the butter.

A German seltzer jug.

Two bowls, each covered with a plate.

Another bottle of wine.

A cardboard box such as is used for ice cream.

Besides all these things which lodgers had put on their window ledges the sweep of the spyglass up and down the row of houses showed seven tin pails and eight pitchers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Bit of True Politeness.

Some time ago a friend of the writer's gave a dinner, to which a young man, his wife and their little child were invited. The child was a very precocious, bashful and intensely sensitive little one. During the dinner she upset a glass of water upon the tablecloth, and hastily noticing the looks in her direction, her little lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. At that moment my friend, who gave the dinner, knocked over his own glass with a crash that drew every eye in his direction. He laughed over the matter, and said it made no difference, etc., and succeeded in withdrawing the attention from the child, who soon smiled sunlier to that I consider to have been the perfection of politeness.—*Waverley's Magazine.*

Hunting for a Home.

Mrs. Homeseeker- These apartments are charming, and the price is certainly reasonable. Are you sure there are no nuisances connected with the building?

Honest Agent—Well, mum, it has a janitor.

A Night of Horror.

Dashaway—The other night I went to an amateur theatrical performance, and then I went home and had a terrible dream.

Cleverton—What did you dream?

Dashaway—I dreamt I went to it again.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Choicest of Germany.

Uncle—And now good-bye, my dear nephew, and if you should need any money, why, write to me.

Nephew—(pulling a letter out of his pocket) —Certainly, I will, Uncle. There's the first letter now.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

•

"Old Raglan is pretty close, isn't he?"

"Not when you want money. He is generally out of reach at such times."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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Boudoir Gossip.

In conversation with Mr. Ikey Slosh recently I was sorry to find that his estimate of a woman's business ability was exceedingly small. He based his opinions on careful observations, and there was nothing for me to say. It is a deplorable fact that women are far too unbusiness-like, but men are to blame for it, and if some poor young man in the present age is persecuted by the deeds and misdeeds of unbusiness-like women, it is probably his share of the "visited sin" of some of his ancestors who may have buttoned their pockets closely at Easter bonnet time, or asked occasionally: "What did you do with that sovereign I gave you two years ago?"

Of course men are to blame. They have held purse strings and managed affairs, and women have grown up in sublime ignorance of cheques, interest, mortgages, and the ways and manners of business men. "If men made their wives allowances," I said, glad to put in a word in favor of my stock argument, "they and their daughters would be more business-like, but women have been so long treated like children that they cannot be expected to wisely control affairs which have fallen suddenly upon their unpractised hands."

Mr. Slosh agreed with me, but went on deploring the unsatisfactory state of the female mind regarding money. He declared that it was all right for a man to "allowance." He meant to, certainly, but how could he find out a woman's expectations before marriage. We agreed that there was the deficiency—in the present absence of means for enlightening marrying men regarding the number of bonnets and gloves, not to mention gowns, hairpins and creams which girls considered necessary to their happiness, and this plan was suggested. Girls should wear a small placard on their shoulders one evening a week, explaining their lowest "allowance" figure. That seemed quite an idea, until Mr. Slosh proposed that it should be somewhat enlarged, and that another card with the dowry statement should also be worn. The conversation was discontinued for it became too intensely, coldly, repellantly practical.

*

DEAR MAIDEN IN BROWN,—Will you please pretend that you heard me say "Thank you" for the dainty souvenir you sent me? Your kind remembrance was very pleasing, and I do most earnestly appreciate your kind interest in one who is but a name to you.

*

To my query regarding her opinions of the "twin soul" problem suggested by Dora some weeks ago, Jane writes, me as follows, adding, by the way, a criticism of my remarks on "fixing up" for photographs.

*

MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW,—I don't think that I believe very much in twin souls. So very few people are alike. It is a pretty sentiment, in Matthew Arnold's lines. I like to read it, and to think that, perhaps, in some foreign country, I have another soul to correspond with mine, though if we met, we might find each in opposition. Now, about photos. I am of the opinion that it is rather nice to be dressed in one's "Sunday best" to have a picture taken. Then the artist is pleased and smiling and you smile. Your hair is arranged becomingly and you can give the picture to your friends so that they can remember you, without the everyday, anxious expression. There are, however, exceptions, and childhood and youth appear well in the coarsest, most common raiment.

JANE.

*

Comica is wandering among Swiss mountains, so she cannot scold me for culling some of her cuteness from a recently received letter. In one place she says: "I find one language quite insufficient for European travel. Most tourists speak three languages. You would be amused at the way I utilize my hands—St. Vitas dance is a tame movement in comparison."

Some intervening pleasantry is followed by this summing up of the peoples of the several countries: "The Belgians are a fine race, so honorable and trustworthy—not much like the tricky Italians. The Germans are honest people, too, and, my dear, your sensitive little smeller would suffer were you in Germany half an hour. They smoke continually, and, of course, the women don't mind in the least."

Another paragraph concerning a most entertaining German tourists is succeeded by a glimpse of a pleasurable sail, of which Comica says: "The sail up the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence was a dream. No poetry could do justice to the winding river and the tiers of vine-clad mountains surmounted with castles, most of them in ruins—thanks to the French—and with a legend attached."

Then my usually serene friend does some grumbling at the draughts and the tea in this way:

"There are many discomforts in traveling here, especially at this season. In most of the hotels the halls are not heated, and chill you to the bone. We are always charged for fire in our rooms, and candles. The latter abominations I hate, with their nervous flicker. Here, for breakfast, we have the most delicious Swiss honey, rolls and good coffee; six or seven courses—deeply mysterious—for dinner, and two courses with tea (if you wish to pay fifty centimes a tiny pot for it), for supper, and it tastes like steeped hay would."

*

DEAR A. T.,—Your letter, with the amusing reference to myself, has been handed to me from the Correspondence Column. The first picture is what I should like to be, and, as well as the second one, is what I am not. There are no gold-rimmed glasses yet, my friend; and the cats are not living, moving ones. I am fond of black gowns, but do not often wear them. Will you consider yourself especially interested in this column and write me sometimes? You may criticize, question, poke fun at or endorse the opinions aired or the observations done up in type, and I shall be glad to hear from you.

CLIP CAREW.

A Disobliging Prisoner.

Portland Police Judge.—Come, you'd better plead guilty. You'll get off easier.

Patsy the Tramp—Aw, I'm dead onto yer. Yer wants to go to dinner, don't yer?"—*West Shore.*

Medicine Men.

SATURDAY NIGHT printed last week a sketch of the famous Sioux Medicine Man, Sitting Bull, who was recently killed while being arrested for endeavoring to foment discord among the Indians. This Indian, it will be remembered, was a prominent figure in the disturbance connected with the Custer massacre, and one of the most crafty and powerful men among the western tribes. A writer in the New York *Sun* dealing with the subject of Medicine Men says: The fact that Sitting Bull was what is called a Medicine Man has been stated in all the notices of his death, but it is a question whether one in seven of eastern people know precisely what a medicine man is. To one who does know, nothing is more amusing than to read the account of early travelers in the Indian country when they come to treat of the making of medicine and the other doings of medicine men.

Every tribe had, and still has, many medicine men, some of whom are chiefs, all of whom are very important personages. Nearly all that the writer ever saw have been old men or men past the middle age, but that is a mere accident, for a man may be made a medicine man while he is young. No one can visit any Indians at any festival time or time of general excitement from any cause without seeing the medicine men figuring very conspicuously in whatever is going on. Sometimes they are merely beating drums, or perhaps they are only crooning, while a dance or feast is in progress. At other times they appear in the most grotesque costumes, painted all over, hung with feathers and tails and claws, and carrying some wand or staff, gorgeous with color and smothered with Indian finery.

The term medicine is a white man's expression which the Indians have adopted. It was applied to the priests of the tribes—for that is what they really are—because the first white men often found them making their incantations at the side of the sick, the wounded or the dying. In reality they were exorcising the evil spirits of disease or death, but the white travelers, seeing them in the presence of the sick, put two and two together and called them medicine men. The term is two centuries old, and the Indians have so fully adopted it that when one of these officials is at his offices they say he is "making medicine."

The medicine man is a conjurer, a magician, a dealer in magic, and an intermediary between the man of this world and the spirits of the other. He may know something of the rude pharmacopœia of his fellows, and may prescribe certain leaves or roots to allay fever, to arrest a cold, or to heal a wound. That is not his business, however, and such prescriptions are more apt to be offered by the squaws or by any member of the patient's family. The medicine man's work comes in when medicine fails, and it is pursued until death is seen to be certain, when—among most of the tribes—the sick or wounded man is abandoned to meet his fate. Far from thinking the only good Indian is a dead one, the Indians themselves have little regard for one who is half dead or seems certain to die.

Those who have followed Sitting Bull's history know that his tribe had long been divided as to his power. One contingent held that his "medicine" was no good, by which they mean that if he ever had genuine power to converse with spirits that power had left him. This often happens. Medicine men have their day and their decline, and he is a very sagacious Indian who can keep up faith in his ministrations for many years at a time or until he dies.

My Brook.

It was far up the valley we first plighted troth,
When the hours were so many, the duties so few;
Earth's burden weighs wearily now on us both—
But I've not forgotten those dear days; have you?

Each was first-born of Eden, a morn without mate,
And the bees and the birds and the butterflies thought
'Twas the one perfect day ever fashioned by fate,
Nor dreamed the sweet wonder for us two was wrought.

I loitered beside you the whole summer long,
I gave you a life from the waste-flow of mine;
And whether you babbled or crooned me a song,
I listened and looked till my pulses ran wine.

'Twas but shutting my eyes; I could see, I could hear,
How you danced there, my nautch girl, 'mid flag-root and fern,
While the flashing tomaunes tinkled joyous and clear
On the slim wrists and ankles that fashioned their turn.

Ah, that was so long ago! Ages it seems,
And, now I return sad with life and its lore,
Will they flee my gray presence, the light-footed dreams,
And Will-o'-wisp light me his lantern no more?

Where the bee's hum seemed noisy once, all was so still,
And the hermit-thrush nested secure of her lease,
Now whirr the world's millstones and clacks the world's mill—
No fairy-gold passes, the oracles cease!

The life that I dreamed of was never to be,
For I with my tribe into bondage was sold,
And the sunglesms and moonglesms, your elf-gifts to me,
The miller transmutes into workaday gold.

What you mint for the miller will soon melt away;
It is earthy, and earthy good only it buys,
But the shekels you test me are safe from decay;
They were coined of the sun and the moment that flies.

Break loose from your thraldom! 'Tis only a leap;
Your eyes 'tis but shutting, just holding your breath;
Escape to the old days, the days that will keep,
If there's peace in the mill-pond, so is there in death.

Leap down to me, down to me! Be, as you were,
My nautch-girl, my singer; again let them glance,
Your tomaunes, the sun's largess, that wink and are there,
As gone again, still keeping time as you dance.

Make haste, or it may be I wander again;
It is I, dear, that call you; Youth beckons with me;
Come back to us both, for, in breaking your chain,
You see the old summers and fantasies free.

You are mine and no other's; with life of my life
I made you a Naiad, that were but a stream;
In moon and in wave dreams yet, and chances are rife
For the passion that ventures its all on a dream.

Leapt bravely! Now down through the meadows we'll go
To the Land of Lost Days, whither all the birds wing,
Where the dials move backward and asphodels blow;
Come flash your tomaunes again, dance again, sing!

Yes, flash them and clash them on ankle and wrist,
For we're pilgrims to Dreamland, O Daughter of Dream!
There we find again all that we wasted or miss'd,
And Fancy—poor fool!—with her bauble's supreme.

As the Moors in their exile the keys treasured still
Of their castles in Spain, so have I; and no fear
But the doors will fly open, whenever we will,
To the prime of the Past and the sweet of the year.

—*James Russell Lowell in New York Ledger.*

Boston Chivalry.

Who says that grace and chivalry are gone out of the world? Here is a true story of an incident on a Boston street car: An elderly mechanic, who is an ardent lover of flowers, not long since, as he was returning from his day's work, stopped at a greenhouse and obtained a choice white cyclamen, taking then a car for his home, some three miles away. The car was full, but, as he stood, a young lady, whose hands were filled with parcels, rose and offered him her seat. Supposing she was about to leave the car, he thanked her and accepted the seat; but, perceiving that she remained standing, he sprang to his feet and protested against taking her place, and begged her to resume it. She declined with a smile, saying: "I am younger than you, sir, and better able to stand." The simple grace and beauty of the kindly act fairly overcame the other, and, as the tears filled his eyes, he extended the pot of cyclamens towards her and said: "Please take this, to show how your kindness touches me." Seeing her about to refuse, he added: "Take it, dear lady, as a Christmas present from a man to whom you have done a kind act." The young lady hesitated a moment, and then said, as she took the pot: "I will take it sir, as a Christmas present, with many thanks." The parties were strangers to each other, but neither will be likely to forget the incident.—*Boston Transcript.*

Economy.

"Papa," said Miss Bunkum, "here is that flannel shirt of yours. I washed it, and—well, I'm afraid it's usefulness is over."

Oh, no, my dear; I can use it for a pen wiper."

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. Thirty years ago a journey from New York to San Francisco meant a tedious voyage around Cape Horn, across the Isthmus, or a still more trying and uncomfortable voyage in a "prairie clipper." Now it has dwindled down to a mere five-day's existence in a sumptuous palace car, in which no element of discomfort is allowed to enter to mar the pleasure of the tourist. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. The traveler's overcoat should be a single or double-breasted ulster with a cape or capot, broad collar. It should be provided with a tab for buttoning it snugly about the throat when leaving the heated atmosphere of the car in cold weather. The cape or capot should be made detachable by means of buttons beneath the collar. The material used in such garments are of the Scotch cheviot makes, in plaids or diagonals, which make a very handsome garment. Having on hand a most desirable line of these goods, I would ask your inspection before purchasing elsewhere. Elegance and fine workmanship, combined with moderation in prices. The fashionable West End tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

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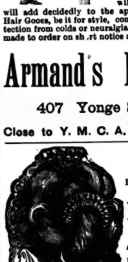

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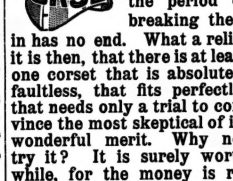

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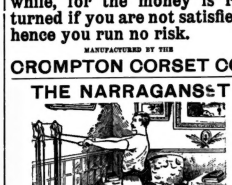

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ON THE ICE.

Like most sailors, I fell in love, but the course of my affections ran anything but smoothly. At the usual early age I joined her Majesty's service as a midshipman, donning my blue jacket and anchor buttons with considerable pride. I had chosen the navy as my profession much against the wishes of my widowed mother. Though from from wealthy, she was comfortably off, so I did not consider myself bound for her sake to throw aside all the dearest wishes of my heart, and condemn myself to a stool in some merchant's office until such time as I should have made my way in the mercantile world. Quill driving was an abomination to me; and, if the truth must be told, English dictation was not my forte. My father had been a sailor before me; and for his sake I loved the service, even though it had taken him from us when I was quite a child. There was no green mound by which to linger, no white stone whereon to trace the beloved name. My father was one of those who perished in the fearful gale which raged from the 13 h to the 16th of November, 1854 in the Black Sea—days never to be forgotten by those who lived through them.

The Prince was my father's ship, a new magnificent steamer, conveying a cargo valued at one hundred thousand pounds—supplies well-nigh indispensable in carrying on the siege of Sebastopol, medical stores, food for want of which our unfortunate soldiers were dying—and clothing to keep out the bitter cold. All these comforts were on board the Prince; but they never reached their destination. She had carried out troops also, who had fortunately been landed, and the perils of her voyage seemed over. She was anchored in twenty five fathoms of water outside Balaclava harbor, when the fury of the hurricane burst upon her. In some of the reports it was stated that a transport fouled her; at any rate, in the cutting away of her masts her screw became entangled in the rigging, so that her steam-power, which might have saved her, was lost. The port-chain broke, the starboard anchor would not hold alone, and the gallant ship drifted on to her doom.

It must have been an awful scene—the ragged frowning rocks around the bay of deep-blue water, which, generally smooth and placid, was lashed into a fury of seething foam.

Thirty vessels were riding upon its bosom; none were uninjured, one or two were lost. The Prince struck six times, then broke across the middle and was torn to pieces. In a few minutes there was nothing left of the splendid vessel and her crew. Out of a hundred and fifty souls one midshipman and six sailors alone lived to tell the sad tale; and my father was not among the saved. No wonder that my mother did not love the sea—no wonder that I did!

The service suited me, and I suppose I suited the service, for at eight-and-twenty I found myself a post-captain. At thirty-one I was on half-pay, staying with my mother in her pretty cottage until I should be appointed to another ship. It was then I fell in love.

Everybody liked my mother; she was one of those few women who are content to remain just as nature has made them, without calling in art to improve their appearance, and she never pretended to be young. She knew most of the people in the neighborhood, and was friendly with them; so, when I went home, time did not hang heavily on my hands; on the contrary, I could scarcely keep up with the engagements which poured in upon me. But I soon found that, greatly as I enjoyed being a naval officer as a visitor, they do not care for him as a son-in-law, especially when, in answer to certain questions from "papa," he is bound to confess that there is more gold on his uniform than in his pockets.

About half a mile from my mother's cottage was an unusually handsome pair of gates, with bold pillars surmounted by demi lions rampant. Visitors rang the mediæval bell, which gave an alarming clang and brought out a big man with one arm. If they did not guess at the first glance that this retainer had been a soldier, he did not leave them long in doubt as to the cause of his misfortune; for whenever he opened his lips it was to tell the story of the charge of Balaclava, when he had ridden into the fiery jaws of death side by side with his brave comrades, led by Col. Boothby, his present master.

It was at the colonel's house that I first met Celia Blake, his niece. Celia's mother was a Boothby, and had married a rich city man, somewhat against the wishes of her family, but since she had married him they were very good friends, and Mr. Blake had built for himself a modern mansion in grounds adjoining those of the colonel.

A little farther down the road, beyond the rampant lions, were two very exalted herons standing on either side of a gorgeous gate of bronze ornamented with gold. This was Mr. Blake's palatial residence. Everything about it was undubitably handsome; but it seemed as though fifty years would be needed to "tone down" the place and give beauty to the freshly-planted trees and shrubs.

There was, however, one thing beyond the bronze gates of the Herons which was quite perfect, and that was Celia.

Of the Blakes my mother knew little, but she was very familiar with the Boothbys; so it was only natural that Celia and I should be thrown together. Our courtship was short, as sailors' courtships usually are. When we see a prize, we like to take possession of it at once. A very little time passed before I told Celia of my love and asked for hers in return. The dear little girl yielded up her heart without a struggle, and vowed she was ready to bear the troubles and anxieties of a sailor's wife for my unworthy sake.

Oh, how pretty my little sea queen looked, with her blushing cheeks and bonny blue eyes, bright with new-born happiness! And I was not the only one who saw the change in her. There was a twinkle of delight in the old soldier's gray eyes as he grasped my hand and told me to beware of breakers ahead. There were breakers ahead indeed!

Mr. Blake would not hear of our engagement. He had a better position in view for his daughter—which meant that he was encouraging the advances of an effeminate, simpering, high-art baronet, whom I could have taken by the collar and shaken as a terrier does a rat. Nor was this the only spirant in the hand and heart of my Celia; for the new lover was deeply smitten and increasingly attentive. But Celia—Heaven bless her!—preferred her sailor to any of them.

I am afraid the poor girl had a very trying time of it in those days at the Herons—when there were not paternal storms, there were maternal contrary winds—but Celia steered through them all, exchanging now and then a silent hand-clasp with the man she loved, to keep the helm straight.

As for Col. Boothby, I felt I could not be grateful enough to him for his kindness. He declined to enter into the discussion at all. As an old friend of my father and mother, he said he certainly should not shut his eyes against me for such a crime as falling in love with Celia. He agreed with me that no man could help it, and avowed that only the fact of his near relationship and the possession of a wife already kept him out of danger himself. So Celia and I still saw each other at the colonel's house, and enjoyed those clandestine meetings which were all the sweeter for being stolen.

There was one trouble that must sooner or later come upon us—when I should be appointed to a ship, how could we communicate with each other? It would be impossible for Celia either to write or receive letters without the knowledge of her parents, unless she resorted to such duplicity as would have been repugnant to her innocent mind and incompatible with the honor of a sailor. Before our love was put to this terrible test, however, fortune favored me.

It was a bright winter day. Snow had fallen and lay many inches deep; the shrubs were covered with frost; the leafless branches of the trees glistened like silver in the sunshine. It was nothing to me that all the water-pipes were frozen, that bands of men were to be met with singing their monotonous melancholy ditty of We've Got No Work to Do, that the faces of the poor were pale and pinched with the bitter cold winds. At that time I could think only of Celia, and I knew that Col. Boothby's lake was fit to bear, and that he had invited his neighbors to skate.

All the morning Celia and I glided over the ice together hand in hand. Then we went into the house to lunch, after which we started off again. It was I who fastened the skates to my darling's little feet, I who taught her how to acquire the swift even motion which she mastered so well—for Celia was only a tyro in the art which I had learned on the North American station.

In the afternoon the lake became crowded. Mr. Blake left the city early, and came down with his pet baronet at his heels. The vicar was also present, gliding quietly and demurely over the ice in straight lines, as befitted a cleric of high church views, with his long coat-tails floating behind him, and his pale clean-shaven face looking very placid under his broad-brimmed corded and tasselled hat. The vicar was a very great favorite with the ladies of Silverlake, but I cannot say that I myself thought much of Mr. Mortis.

The afternoon was not so pleasant as the morning had been, for I could not skate with Celia. As she whirled past me, first with one admirer, then with another, a strong desire came over me to do them some bodily injury; but I was successful in restraining my feelings that I only smiled as I passed them.

One thing became evident as the afternoon wore on—a thaw set in; which fact had the effect of making every one more eager to get as much skating as possible while the ice lasted. The branches of the overhanging trees dripped upon the passers-by; the tiles they all continued skating. I feared to speak to my Celia; nevertheless I followed her like a shadow, ever ready to recipropate the bright glances of confidence which she gave me from time to time.

Celia, although not a coquette, did not frown on any one who worshipped at her shrine—she had a gracious smile for each and all; but I was content, knowing well that for none other than myself would those love-lights beam in her star-like eyes, which were as beacons on a rock-bound coast, telling me where the land lay.

I did not wear the willow all that afternoon because I could not be alone with my darling. I skated with the other girls, and tried to make myself agreeable; and perhaps I succeeded, for I had no lack of partners on the ice.

"Come, Mrs. Boothby," I cried to the colonel's wife, who was sitting on a chair watching us—she was a fine aristocratic-looking woman of some fifty years—"let me put on your skates for you!"

"No, no!" she cried, laughing. "So long as I stay here every one will think I am a good skater, but, if I once begin, they will soon see that I am not. I will let them go on believing in me."

"That is what we call sailing under false colors," I answered. "Come round with me; I'll steer you as straight as a flagship!"

"No, I'm not to be tempted—if I stand up on skates, I shall soon be down. Don't hurt them is Huni with some cherry brandy; it would be a charity if you would get me a glass—I am almost frozen!"

I made a sign to Huni, the colonel's Swiss butler, who came towards us gingerly over the ice, with his tray; but he no sooner had his mistress's glass in his hand than, upon hearing the ice crack, the man grew very pale.

"I go off!" he cried; and off he went much quicker than he had come on; and nothing would induce him to return.

Huni stood upon the safe eminence of the bank, and, as he was there so long that the ice again, all who wished for cherry brandy were obliged to go to him.

"Capt. Capel," said Mrs. Boothby, with a mischievous look in her eyes, "I know you like to be useful. Look at that unfortunate girl—she can't get along at all. Being your cousin, I think you should assist her! It would be quite a pretty sight."

I forgot to answer, for Celia, who had been in the house to rest, had just returned with her skates in her hand, and the baronet was by her side. He was the sort of man I despised, not because he looked as though a puff of wind would blow him across the equator—for that he could not help—but because of his languid manners and his vapid conversation. He was always talking of cracked tea-cups, stately lilies, and art draperies.

"Allow me to put on your skates for you," he said to Celia.

I vowed mentally that he should do nothing of the kind while I was there to prevent it.

"No, thank you," replied my darling, glancing meaningly at me.

I smiled back at her, knowing that she meant me to put the skates on for her in spite of her friend's being on the ice.

"Oh, but you must!" exclaimed Sir Reginald Adolphe Bouverie.

"But I won't!" declared Celia, stamping her little foot impatiently.

"What an unkind answer, Miss Blake!" said the baronet, with a reproachful glance that was meant to wither her.

"There are some people to whom one is bound to speak plainly," she answered, handing her skates to me.

With a triumphant glance in the direction of the baronet, I quickly put the skates on Celia's dainty feet.

Mr. Blake, happening to pass at that moment, glared at us both; and the baronet joined him, to lodge his complaint against Celia for her conduct towards him.

My little darling, gliding away in the opposite direction, lost her balance, and sank quietly upon her knees. I started to her assistance, but the vicar, being close at hand, was at her side before me, and I arrived in time to hear his words of wisdom.

"Are you humbly praying to be lifted up?" he asked, in his quiet, smooth tones.

That it was to me, not to his reverence, that Celia Blake turned for a helping hand; and I blessed her with all my heart for her staunch allegiance to the man of her choice.

Back wards and forwards skated the girls in their picturesque dresses and their pretty fur hats, some hand in hand with each other, like twin cherries on a stem, some helped by stronger arms, and all looking exceedingly joyous and happy.

"They are wearing out my kitchen chairs," said Mrs. Boothby, as I passed again. "Why cannot you help those beginners and save my unfortunate chairs, Capt. Capel?" Then she lowered her voice and added, "I don't think Celia cares much for the baronet after all—do you?"

Our cousin met, the colonel's wife laughed mischievously.

"Do you know, Mrs. Boothby, that the ice is getting very wet? If you are really not going to skate, I should advise you to have a chair on the bank; the soles of your boots must be under water!"

"And so they are!" she exclaimed. "And a very nice cold I shall have! Help me to shore—there's a good creature—and your petticoats will ever pray—What shall I pray for you, Capt. Capel?"

Mr. Blake passed us on his way towards the farther side of the lake, behind the little ait which served as a home for the swans, who spread their white wings there when the waters were not ice-bound.

"Oh, go after him, please," said Mrs. Boothby, "and tell him that the ice is not safe round there! I thought every one had been cautioned; and we even had boards put up! What can he be thinking about? It is quite rotten under those trees!"

Without a moment's hesitation I started off after the portly figure, and, being a good skater, I overtook Mr. Blake before he came to the dangerous part. It was true that he and I were not good friends; still there was no reason why I should stand by quietly and see him imperil his life; for the lake was very deep. I knew, and had a bed of soft rushes at the bottom, which would be a great danger to any one who happened to break through the ice.

I skated by his side, told him of the risk he was about to run, gave him Mrs. Boothby's message, and did all I could to persuade him to turn back, but without any good result. Opposition seemed merely to strengthen his determination to proceed. With a cold bow and colder thanks he passed on, muttering some ungracious words as to knowing the lake better as well as I did. I relieved him of my company, but stood still and watched to see if he got over to the ait safely. He did, and returned, to triumph over me—not in words, but with contemptuous looks. Having performed his feat out of obstinacy, I thought of course that, having proved me to be wrong, he would be satisfied; and I went back swiftly to Mrs. Boothby, to finish my interrupted walk with her over the ice.

"So he would do it!" she exclaimed. "I only wonder that it bore him. He could not have realized his danger."

I carried her chair to the bank, and had just handed her to it, when the sound of many voices raised in warning reached our ears, and before we could look round there was a crash and a cry for help, followed by the screams of frightened women.

I turned one, and saw the hole that Mr. Blake had made—he himself had entirely vanished; and I noticed Sir Reginald Adolphe Bouverie gaining quietly off the ice in the opposite direction, while the vicar was by Celia's side, already talking to her of Christian resignation! These were Mr. Blake's two greatest friends; but neither of them offered him a helping hand in his time of need. Mrs. Boothby had turned a pale face in my direction, and had looked at me in speechless horror.

I glanced swiftly at my Celia, and then I thought rapidly of a long piece of rope which had been brought down to the lake to fasten back the branches of a weeping willow; but it could not be secured, and the rope had been cast aside. I threw off my two coats and skated on, seized one end of the rope, and let the other trail behind me on the ice. As I neared the hole I slipped off my high-low shoes, skates and all—as a sailor, I had no fear of cold water—and very quickly I plunged in, just hearing Celia's bitter cry of anguish as I disappeared.

All this was the work of a few seconds. I could dive well, and after some groping about under the ice I found Mr. Blake, as I expected, with his feet stuck deep in the mud, and, fortunately for me, quite insensible.

I towed him up, holding myself to the hole by means of the rope, and felt nearly exhausted when I drew him to the surface. I was now shivering with the terrible coldness of the water, and I had great difficulty in getting him through the broken ice.

A cheer greeted us when we appeared in view of the spectators; but I could not get Mr. Blake out until a ladder had been laid flat upon the ice—a suggestion of the colonel's. I landed Mr. Blake on the bank, and willing hands dragged it along till the dangerous region of broken ice was passed.

I helped to carry the insensible man to the colonel's house. Every one said he was dead, but I felt nearly sure that they were mistaken. I was acquainted with the Humane Society's directions for the resuscitation of those apparently drowned. It was fortunate that I was, for no one else present knew them. We sent for medical assistance, but the doctor was out. We undressed the patient, wrapped him in hot blankets, cleansed his mouth and nostrils, drew forward his tongue, placed him on his back, slightly on an incline, with a firm cushion under his shoulder-blades. Then we grasped his arms above the elbows, drawing them gently up and stretching them out level at the mouth, and we kept the arms in that position for a few seconds, for the purpose of drawing air into the lungs. Afterward we quietly drew down the arms and pressed them, with elbows bent and hands turned up towards the shoulders, against the sides of the chest, to force out the air from the lungs, repeating these actions alternately until we saw a spontaneous effort to respire. Then we rubbed him with dry, warm flannels from time to time dashing first hot and then cold water over his chest, and rubbing with the flannels again. Smelling salts were constantly passed under his nostrils, but not retained there. When respiration was restored, we put him for five minutes up to his neck in a hot bath, then rolled him in hot blankets and carried him to bed, where he was again rubbed under the blankets. He was then given a little warm brandy and water in very small quantities, and large mustard plasters were placed on his chest and below his shoulders, to relieve the breathing, which seemed distressed.

By the time all this was done I found I was chilled to the core; and, as I prepared to leave his bedside, satisfied that all would now be well, Mr. Blake gave me a grateful look and held out a feeble hand to me.

Outside the room door I found Celia weeping.

"Will he live?" she asked, her sad eyes raised to mine.

"He will be as well as ever to-morrow, my darling," I whispered, as I took her in my arms.

"Oh, Edward, how can I ever thank you for saving him!" she said earnestly.

"I will tell you how," I answered, kissing her fresh young lips for the first time.

"Why, Ted, how wet you are!" she exclaimed, as I clasped her in my arms. "You will catch a terrible cold, I fear!"

"I hope not," I answered, with a smile. "I must run home at once, but I shall consider my cold well earned in saving your father, my pretty one."

"It was indeed good of you when he had been so unkind." Then a mirthful smile lighted up her dear face. "Has anything been heard of Sir Reginald since? Even in my terror I saw him making off."

"I think he took the first train to London, to be out of harm's way," I answered; and we both laughed as heartily as if no one had been in danger that afternoon.

I ran all the way home to warm myself, and frightened my poor old mother nearly out of her wits.

"Turn on the hot water for me, *mater*, and bring up the salt and mustard!" I exclaimed, as I ran up stairs.

The dear old lady quickly had a bath prepared for me, after which I found a bright little fire burning on the hearth in my bedroom. The hot bath, with a couple of tablespoonfuls of salt and mustard mixed in the water, saved me from having a severe cold; and the next morning I received a letter of heartfelt thanks from Celia's father, and a request that I would come round to see him.

I went. The waters of the colonel's lake must have been the waters of Lethe, for not only did Mr. Blake seem to have forgotten all the objections which he had raised to my suit, but he met me by the hand and told me I had proved myself worthy of his daughter, and bade me name the wedding day.

I did I say that I took him at his word and named a very early day indeed? On the 14th of February Celia and I were married. She was my valentine; and neither of us has ever regretted her father's immersion in the lake.

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

The Trials of Nancy Lee.

'The Wandering Jew was a stay-at-home compared with a naval woman,' groaned a New York mother, the other day. "Four years ago my daughter became one by marrying a lieutenant in the navy, and since that time I never know where in the habitable globe to expect she will be next. Last year, while her husband went to Africa with the eclipse expedition, she and her dear little three year-old, who calls her father 'that man,' because she sees him so seldom, stayed with me; to-day they are in California, looking toward Japan, with a chance, however, of coming back to New York next month to sail for the Mediterranean squadron. Two years ago last Thanksgiving, Lieutenant M——, having been home from South America just one week, we had arranged for a gay dinner for my daughter's husband and his friends. Everything went beautifully till about six o'clock. Dinner was set for eight, when the lieutenant, who had been out since luncheon, returned with a long face. His ship, which was at Fortress Monroe, had been ordered to Samoa, he leave was recalled, and before dinner was served he was miles on the road to report for duty, and my daughter spent that winter in California, be in no direct communication with him. Now, isn't that sort of thing enough to shatter a woman's nerves? But she doesn't seem to mind it in the least. I only wish you could hear her occasionally, and she says she knew what to expect when she married, and to her there is nothing so delightful as to be on the verge of starting for anywhere at any moment. She may like it, but I do not. If I had her to chaperon over again, I should tell her speak to a man in the navy. Her husband is one of the best men I ever knew and a charming companion, but that makes it the harder to have him three thousand miles away. I think," she finished, emphatically, "naval officers should marry in naval circles."

Courting the Schoolma'am.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but—"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumstances have established the fact."

"I know it, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if you but knew the aching void——"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life would be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the North Pole I would fly to you. I——"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there still remains, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance——"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings-bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I——"

Let the curtain fall.

She Was Boss.

I was driving along a highway in Woods County, Ohio, (says a writer in the New York Sun) with a man who was selling farming machines to farmers, and about two o'clock in the afternoon we came along to a district school house. The school ma'am and about twenty scholars stood under an elm tree, about forty feet high, near the house, and in the topmost branches of the tree was a boy about fourteen years of age. "Anything wrong here?" asked my friend, as we halted before the door. "Budd Hawkins says he won't, and the teacher says he must!" called out a little girl. The teacher herself then came forward. She was a plain-looking girl of about twenty, with a mouth showing great firmness, and with some embarrassment she explained: "It's the terror of the school. He refused to mind, and I started to whip him. He broke away and ran out and climbed the tree. I've been up about twenty feet, but had to give it up and come down." "Yer can't conquer me!" shouted the boy. "Budd, I order you to come down!" "I won't!" "I have sent for an axe, and here it comes," she said, as she turned to us; "he'll come down with the tree, if not before." We offered to use the axe, but she declined the offer with thanks, and, stepping to the tree, she swung the implement around and curved the blade in the wood. "You dasn't!" shouted Budd from the top. "I'll do it or resign!" she answered, as she struck several blows. At the end of three minutes the tree began to totter and Budd to yell in alarm, and in a few seconds later it fell with a crash. I thought the boy was badly hurt, if not killed, and was relieved as the school-ma'am sprang forward, yanked him out of the branches, and, while applying a sad with one hand, she pulled him into the school-house with the other, saying: "Now, Budd Hawkins, you've got to do some of the awfulest fetching ever heard of in the State of Ohio, or I won't leave enough hide on you for a flea to bite!" He was hard at it when we drove on.

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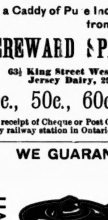

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The Scout's Story.

The following exciting escape from death by hanging is related by Col. Harry T. Murtha, late of the United States Army, known as the Cumberland Scout, who is now in Toronto:

What is related here is no fiction but truth, every word. In the early part of the month of August, 1862, the second year of the Civil war, the tenth division of the Cumberland Army was stationed at a village near the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, known as Macminnville. The division was commanded by Gen. William Nelson, a good soldier and a brave man, but he was very generally disliked on account of his harsh treatment of officers and soldiers. The object of the commander-in-chief in stationing this division here was to watch the movements of the Confederate commander-in-chief, Gen. Braxton Bragg, who was suspected of attempting the invasion and conquest of the State of Kentucky. The United States and Confederate forces were constantly engaged in skirmishes between Chattanooga, the Confederate head-quarters, and Nashville, the United States head-quarters. Bands of guerillas, who were nothing more or less than bandits and assassins of the most merciless character, infested the country. Our young scout was an officer at the time, a captain in rank, who volunteered as a scout on account of his familiarity with the region of the country where the opposing forces were operating. Before the division entered the village of Macminnville a dash was made by a body of United States cavalry. The dash was entirely unexpected and resulted in the capture of quite a number of Confederate soldiers who were on furlough, as well as a goodly number of ragamuffins known as guerillas. The soldiers were well treated, as were all Confederate soldiers when captured, but the guerillas when recognized were immediately shot. Closely following the cavalry came the whole division of infantry. Pickets were immediately posted on all roads entering the village, a provost guard put on duty for preserving order, and the division went into camp in and around the village.

The regiment to which the young scout belonged pitched their tents on some vacant ground on the outskirts of the village, just beside a handsome residence, surrounded by beautiful grounds, the property of a Mrs. Stubblefield, who was known to be a very warm supporter of the Southern cause. Our scout had his quarters very near by and often admired the beautiful grounds. One morning, on arising from his cot he felt a peculiar feeling about his eyes and taking a small looking-glass soon discovered that they were nearly closed. He sent immediately for the regimental surgeon, who informed him that the swelling was caused by the bite of some poisonous reptile or insect. Acting upon the doctor's suggestion the bed clothing was searched and a large black spider discovered comfortably ensconced between the blankets. In a few hours the scout's eyes were entirely closed. A day or so afterward the doctor suggested a removal to some private house, where he would have better attention and said, "Mrs. Stubblefield will receive and care for you right royally." It was not much trouble to get his consent to the change. He was taken to the house and given an elegant room at once. The lady remarked that she was glad to welcome the young officer to her home, not only for humanity's sake, but because she would feel safer from intrusion.

Here he was so well treated that he often expostulated and asked of his hostess to take less trouble on his account or he would feel that he was a burden to the household, and would go back to his tent. Officers were calling on him every day, and several of them laughingly remarked: "A spider bite is a fortunate wound, and you ought to be a friend to spiders from this time on."

One day Mrs. Stubblefield suddenly entered our young friend's room sobbing violently.

"What has happened, madam?"

"Oh, captain, can you not protect me?"

"Certainly, madam, I can and will, with my life if necessary."

"Captain, General Nelson has issued an order to search all houses for arms. Now I have concealed here in the house a very fine gun which belonged to my husband. They will find it and take it from me."

"By no means, madam. Bring the gun here to me. I will say it is my gun and save it for you."

"Thank you, captain, thank you. I will bring it into your room at once."

The lady brought in the gun, placed it in a corner near the captain's bed, and again gave way to violent weeping.

"My dear madam, do not be alarmed. I will be responsible for the safety of the gun."

"Yes," replied the lady, "but that is not all. I am alarmed about. Captain, will you promise me, on your honor as a soldier, not to speak of this to any one?"

"If it is not inconsistent with my duty as a soldier of the United States Army I will do so without hesitation."

"Captain, you are my only hope, without trying to blind you with promises, I will tell you all. Your cavalry advance dashed into this village so unexpectedly, that many Confederate soldiers were captured, and many partizan rangers, which you call guerrillas, were shot in the streets. Now, I have a young nephew, a regular Confederate soldier, who happened to be here on furlough at the time your cavalry made the dash into this village. The boy was alarmed, fled to my house, and is now concealed in the attic. He is no spy, no guerilla, but a Confederate soldier. If he is discovered by your soldiers while they are searching the house he will be shot. Can you save him? He is only a boy, a good boy; I love him as my son. For the love of God and your mother, here on my knees, I beg you to save my boy."

The scout was affected to tears as he said, "Rise, my dear madam, I will save your boy if I can. Go put on him a suit of citizens clothes, bring him to my room, corroborate what I say and I will attend to the rest."

"He says she sends me to bring you up to his hiding place. I will lead you to him, if you will come. The poor boy will feel more confident."

The scout could resist no longer, but allowed himself to be lead where the boy was concealed. He came out trembling when his aunt called him, and extending his hand, said, "Captain I am neither spy nor a guerilla. I am a Confederate soldier and here is my furlough."

"Young man, all is right as to the furlough; you should not have hidden here. The laws of war deal with a man as a spy, when found concealed within our lines, but do as I tell you and I think all will be well in the end. Put on citizens' clothes, take up your quarters in my room, refer all questions to me, and do not fear. When the searching party enters the house do not become alarmed but leave it all to me."

"Oh! captain, here comes the guard now."

"Mrs. Stubblefield, let the servants receive them at the door, wait until you are called for, by that time you can control yourself better."

The guard entered the hallway and asked for the master or mistress of the house. Mrs. Stubblefield soon came out and invited them into her parlor. As they passed the scout's door the officer in command looked into the door was wide open—and calling to Mrs. S. asked, "Who is this party in this room?"

She answered in a trembling voice, "It is a captain of the 35th Infantry."

"What is his name?"

"Come in, sir, and I will answer your question," called the scout. "I am captain of Co. D, 35th Infantry. I have been here sick for some time and this boy with me is a friend of mine who came up to see me in company with Major Nunes, the paymaster."

"There is a gun, whose property is that?"

"That is my gun," replied the scout.

"All right, sir."

Turning to the lady, he said, "This is a disagreeable duty, but I cannot help it. I must search from cellar to attic."

"Very good, sir" was the reply, "I will go and show you through the rooms."

The searching party, led by Mrs. S., were absent half an hour and returned. The officer in command came to the scout's door and laughingly remarked that everything was found all right. He bade the scout and his boy friend good bye and marched off with his guard. The moment they were out of the grounds Mrs. S. and her nephew turned to the scout. "We have relatives high in rank in the Confederate Army. Should you ever be captured and need friends, command us all, at any time."

A few days passed, the scout had improved very much and announced his intention of reporting for duty. That afternoon orders were issued for the whole division to move next morning at seven o'clock, with four days' cooked rations in haversacks. Bidding adieu to the lady and her nephew, the scout reported at the head of his company toward a mountain town, known as Altamont. Months rolled by; the United States troops fell back through the states of Tennessee and Kentucky, followed by Bragg's Confederate Army. The two armies were in sight of each other for hundreds of miles and constant skirmishing was going on day and night. There was a race between the two armies for Louisville, the great city of Kentucky. The United States soldiers won the race, were re-inforced, turned upon their enemies, and fought and won the great battle of Perryville, in Central Kentucky, driving their enemies from the State. The young scout was with a small squad of soldiers reconnoitering a mountain pass on his return trip towards Murfreesboro and MacMinnville. The little party fell into an ambuscade, some were killed and others captured, by a mixed band of regular Confederate soldiers and guerrillas. In the band which captured the little party the scout soon recognized his young friend of Macminnville. The captive said never a word by way of recognition, but awaited developments. The young Confederate made not the slightest sign of recognition but gazed upon his old friend with apparent stoical indifference. The whole party moved in the direction of Chattanooga. The guerillas in the party treated the prisoners harshly, the Confederate soldiers did not. As the party moved for Chattanooga, it began to rain, but the journey was continued. The guerillas having taken the rubber blankets from the prisoners appeared to be very comfortable. The Tennessee river was reached and crossed. It was now bright and the drizzling rain continued, yet no sign of recognition from the young Confederate whose life had been saved by the scout in MacMinnville. The scout made up his mind not to be taken into Chattanooga. It was only a few miles. The entire party stopped at a country house and the guerillas ordered supper. The prisoners were not considered in the supper order, but, were left standing out in the rain, with a guard who was well wrapped up and comfortable. The young Confederate passed slowly by and said to the scout in a low voice, "do not go into Chattanooga; you will be recognized. Make a dash from here and I will help you all I can if I have to shoot one of those fellows to do it. I have been watching for a chance to speak to you. This is the first one and will probably the last; good-bye!"

"Good-bye; I never intended to go to Chattanooga with the party."

The young Confederate entered the house or rather the door, where he stood in the open door-way for some time. "Now is my chance," said our scout to himself, "he is standing there to give me a good chance to start." He whispered to a fellow prisoner and asked him to go with him. "No, it's too dangerous," was the reply. "Good bye, then, comrade, here goes for a trial anyway. It is life or death with me. They will hang me if they get me to Chatanooga and I don't propose to contribute to the amusement of those cut-throats in that way. Good-bye."

The guard was strolling slowly by; the scout threw his foot in front of the unsuspecting guard, at the same time striking him under the ear with terrible force. As the guard fell the young scout leaped over his prostrate form, then over the yard fence and ran for a dense forest which was only a few hundred yards distant. It was now dark. He was running in the direction of the river, and if he could reach it he would feel easy. Of course the alarm was given and the guerillas started in pursuit, calling "Halt! Come out of there, I see you," and cursing furiously. The scout reached the river in safety, but in attempting to swim himself under the bank he slipped and was precipitated into deep water, where the current was very strong. He was falling over the bank below; its branches were trailing in the water, collecting driftwood of all kinds, and forming what is known in that country as a "drift rack." Floating in the darkness against a log in this drift rack, the scout concluded to pull the log out into the middle of the stream and thus get down the river. He drew the log out, and swinging under it with only his face out of water, he floated sixteen miles in the darkness, thus eluding his enemies.

He concealed himself next day in a briar patch about three miles from the river. An old negro brought him an abundance of corn bread and bacon, and sent his little granddaughter, eleven years old, to guide him through a dangerous swamp so as to avoid passing along public roads where he was in danger of recapture. He passed on his way safely for several nights, but finally concluded he had footed it long enough and wanted to try riding. He entered a barn, and being unarmed, picked up a four-pronged steel pitchfork. It was well he did for, in rummaging around to find a saddle he roused up a great dog. The dog rushed for him, but was met with the pitchfork and almost instantly killed, and with very little noise. A beautiful horse with an elegant saddle was taken. Now for a gun and pistols, when he would be a match for half a dozen guerillas. Reaching an elegant mansion by the wayside, he rode up and asked if he could get something to eat. "Come in, sir," was the reply from an old man who stood in the doorway. He dismounted and entered. He was shown in to the dining-room and given a good meal. While seated at the table he discovered a fine gun in another part of the room and determined to take it. After his meal he walked over, picked up the gun and examining it, remarked that it was a fine gun.

"Yes," remarked the old man, "that is a very fine gun."

"Is this buckshot in this leather pouch?" said the scout.

"Yes, sir."

"This powder in this beautifully carved horn?"

"Yes, sir."

"The gun is loaded I see?"

"Yes, sir; loaded with buckshot."

"It has caps on, too."

"Yes, sir, the best of waterproof caps."

The scout put the pouch and powder-horn around his shoulders, and picking up the gun remarked, "Say, old gentleman, I am, or, rather, pretty well fixed if I had a box of caps. I want to borrow this rig until I reach Winchester. Get me the caps."

"I know you are escaped prisoner. You can have the gun, and I will give you all the caps you want. I am a Union man, sir. I waited to see who you were before I spoke. I can save you trouble, by giving you directions which will enable you to reach the Federal lines with very little danger."

"Very good, sir," replied the scout. "I will be as good as my word and return the gun."

The directions given were clear, and the scout reached the lines in a few hours, having only had one chase. He rode into the camp of his own regiment at dress parade time in the afternoon. As he rode up to the line the men forgot all about order or discipline and yelled themselves hoarse. One soldier, an Irishman, yelled out: "I howled ye so, ye thought I kill the little divil, nor they can't howld anto him when they catch him. Oh, but he is the lad to be on picket with. The divil himself can't get ahead of him."

Motherhood.

[Some unpublished MSS. by Thomas de Quincey have recently come to light. They have been secured by the *Independent*, and are now in course of publication by that journal. The following sketch is one of the most striking.]

The lovellest sight that a woman's eye opens upon in this world is her first-born child; and the holiest sight upon which the eyes of God settle in almighty sanction and perfect blessing is the love which soon kindles between the mother and her infant. Love and perfect blessing on the one side, with no language but tears and kisses and looks. Beautiful is the philosophy which refines out of that relation or passion connected with the transition that it produced it. First comes the whole mighty drama of love purified ever more and more, how often from grosser feelings, yet of necessity through its very elements oscillating between the finite and the infinite: the haughtiness of womanly pride, so dignified, yet not always free from the near contagion of error; the romance so ennobling, yet not always entirely reasonable; the tender dawn of opening sentiments pointing to an idea in all this which it neither can reach nor could long sustain. Think of the great storm of agitation, and fear, and hope, through which in her wildest days of womanhood every woman must naturally pass—fulfilling a law of her Creator, yet a law which rests upon her mixed constitution; animal, though indefinitely ascending to what is non-animal—as a daughter of man, frail and imperfect, yet also as a daughter of God, standing erect, with eyes to the heavens. Next, when the great vernal passover of sexual tenderness and romance has fulfilled its purpose, we see, rising as a phenix from this great mystery of ennobled instincts, another mystery much more profound, more affecting, more divine—not so much a rapture as a blissful repose of a Sabbath, which swallows up the more perishing story of the first; forcing the vast heart of female nature through stages of ascent; forcing it to pursue the transmigrations of the Psyche from the aurelic condition so glowing in its color, into the winged creature which mixes with the mystery of the dawn and ascends to the altar of the infinite heavens; rising by a ladder of light from that sympathy which God surveys with approbation; and even more so as He beholds it self-purifying under His Christianity, to that sympathy which needs no purification, but is the holiest of things on this earth, and that in which God most reveals Himself through the nature of humanity.

How purified? And if it should be answered, through and under Christianity, the fool in his heart would scoff and say: What woman thinks of religion in her youthful courtship? No; but it is not what she thinks of, but what thinks of her; not what she contemplates in consciousness, but what contemplates her, and reaches her by a necessity of social action. Romance is the product of Christianity, but so is sentiment.

Well is it for the glorification of human nature that through these holy things the vast majority of women must forever pass; well, also, that, by placing its sublime germs near to female youth, God thus turns away by anticipation the divinest of disciplines from the rapacious absorption of the grave. Time is found, how often, for those who are early summoned into rendering back their glorious privileges, who yet have tasted in its first fruits the paradise of maternal love.

And, pertaining also to this part of the subject, I will tell you a result of my own observations of no light importance to women.

I tell this: Nineteen twentieths of twenty I have remarked that the true paradise of a female life in all ranks not too elevated for constant intercourse with the children, is by no means the years of courtship, nor the earliest period of marriage, but that sequestered chamber of her experience in which a mother is left alone through the day, with servants, perhaps, in a distant part of the house, and (God be thanked!) chiefly where there are no servants at all; in which she is attended by one sole companion, her little first-born angel, as yet clinging to her robe, imperfectly able to walk, still more imperfect in its prattling and innocent thoughts, clinging to her, haunting her wherever she goes as her shadow, catching from her eye the total inspiration of its little palpitating heart, and sending to hers a thrill of secret pleasure so often as the little fingers fasten on her own. Left alone from morning to night with this one companion, or even with three, still wearing the graces of infancy—buds of various stages upon the self-same tree—a woman, I have found, the great blessing of approaching such a luxury of paradise, is moving, too often not aware that she is moving, through the divinest section of her life. An evening sets in; the husband, through all walks of life, from the highest professional down to that of common labor, returns home to vary her modes of conversation by such thoughts and interests as are more consonant with his more extensive capacities of intellect. But by that time her child (or her children) will be reposing on the little couch, and in the morning, duly as the sun ascends in power, she sees before her a long, long day of perfect pleasure in this society which evening will bring to her, but which is interwoven with every fibre of her sensibilities. This condition of noiseless, quiet love is that, above all, which God blesses and smiles upon.

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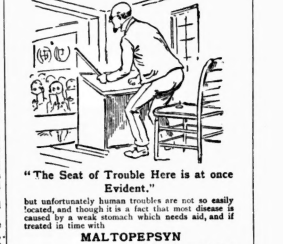

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Annual Meeting of the Sheppard Publishing Company.

The regular annual meeting of the Sheppard Publishing Company was held at the company's offices on Wednesday afternoon, December 24. The annual report was presented, showing a very successful year's business. The company shareholders decided to pay from the annual profits a dividend of ten per cent., said dividend to be paid on January 15. All the officers of the company were re-elected and a vote of thanks tendered to them and all those who had assisted in bringing about the successful issue of the year's business. SATURDAY NIGHT, though only three years old, has all its capital unimpaired and has paid two dividends of ten per cent. each, probably the most successful record ever achieved by a weekly newspaper in this city or province.

Music.

A welcome lull in the performances which help to build up Toronto's reputation as a musical centre has enabled its musical critics and reporters to eat their Xmas turkey and etceteras in comfort and quietude, and with a plentiful rest for wholesome digestion. The music performed in the churches on Xmas day has provided almost the only matter for notice or reflection. In most churches there were fine services, carefully rehearsed and well rendered, and those who had an opportunity to hear several items of this nature speak of the general high standard of the work done, both as regards choice and performance. The day when Jackson's Te Deum and Elvey's Arise, Shine, were considered great things for a Christmas celebration, has happily passed, and now the order of service in the larger churches of the city embraces the Xmas Messiah music and the latest and best thoughts of modern composers. This is gratifying in every respect, and promising of still greater excellence and good taste in the future.

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There has been quite a discussion going on in the *Mail* under the caption "In Darkest Canada," in which the ordinary every-day accent of ordinary, every-day Canadians has been attacked, and foolishly defended by counter attacks on eccentricities of English accent. Apart from the little shafts of satire and underlying the exchange of the *tu quoque* arguments, there is a fact that cannot be gainsaid, that the usual Canadian accent is not a desirable one. As all who sing and teach singing are liable to come in contact with the unpleasantness and difficulty bred by this accent, the subject is one not altogether foreign to the musical column of a journal like SATURDAY NIGHT. When I use the term "Canadian accent," I refer more especially to the vernacular of our own city, and its neighborhood, for Ontario, young as it is, already has localisms as thoroughly pronounced and as different as the provincialisms of Old England.

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In sections like Lennox and Addington, and Prince Edward County in the east, and the Niagara Peninsula and Oxford and Norfolk in the west, that were originally settled by U. E. Loyalists, you will find a strong "American" accent. In Waterloo County you will meet with a very amusing German accent, and in such counties as Huron, Bruce and Grey the Scotch accent preponderates even among the younger generation. In Toronto, however, and its neighborhood, the striking feature of the local speech is a debased Irish accent, which has none of the richness and melody of the original and all of its vulgarity. As the years have rolled on, this has become worse and worse in consequence of the carelessness and slovenliness of the habits of speech and expression until at present it is one in which the vowel sounds have utterly lost their proper value and distinctions, and the consonants have been as far as possible abolished or assimilated. The Milesian substructure has received, to a large extent, the taint of the unworthy features of all other English accents.

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This has produced a speech which is distinctively slovenly and offensive. Its principal sins are against the short *a*, and the letter *r*. The three short sounds of the vowel have become only one, the shortest of them all, as in "can." Even such words as "talk" and "walk" have become "tauk" and "wauk." As regards the consonant, it has become the habit to borrow from the *r* as it were, and to corrupt the sound of the preceeding vowel, whatever it may be. If you try these two plans, gentle reader, you will soon see what a horrible mess you can make of the Queen's English. When you add to this the elision and slovenly enunciation of the consonants generally, you will have "confusion worse confounded." The subject is a wide one, and did space permit, examples might be offered *ad nauseam*. That the evil exists, any one who may chance to hear passing remarks in a crowded street will admit.

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The remedy is not so easy to find. First of all, there would be many and widely different opinions as to what constitutes a correct English accent. Those who are not engrossed with the idea that their own speech is the correct one will, I think, agree that the English which is most free from the exhibition of localism is the best and purest. But then the difficulty arises that few men are able to recognize in their own conversation a mild provincialism which may be quite patent to their listeners. Some have contended, and not without reason, that the purest English is to be heard on the stage. Yet we seldom hear our language in its purity on the boards nowadays. Even Henry Irving, whose productions, generally considered, have been unsurpassed in correctness of detail, has a strong peculiarity of enunciation which is more Irish than anything else.

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As good singing—that is, good in the sense of proper and distinct enunciation and vowel tone—shows no provincial or local taint, I think I may be acquitted of the charge of an undue praise for the craft when I say that the singers will eventually be found to be the best teachers of a pure and unsophisticated English. By this I mean an English which shall give every vowel sound its proper value, with every consonant clearly and distinctly enunciated, without pedantry or exaggeration. Not comic opera English, which is vilely clipped and chipped, but an English more resembling the purity we look for on the tragic stage. Nor yet the English which finds favor in the highest grades of polite society, with its elided *r's* and bad *a* sounds. Just plain, clean, honest English, free from affectation or servile imitation of any kind.

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Such an English to be conveyed to the masses, would have, first of all, to be applied to the teachers of the masses. The root of such a movement would be found in the Normal Schools. In cities, lectures to, and practical classes of the school teachers would do much to mend matters. However much parents may endeavor to correct the faults of their children in this respect, the very purity of such speech would make it well-nigh impossible to counteract the evil influence of the street and of the school, if the latter did not make a constant object study of pure speech, a continuous though often unnoticed portion of the day's work. Any one who has visited the schools in this city cannot fail to have noticed this very difficulty of impure accent in many of the teachers. The matter is important enough to make correct pronunciation as much a subject for examination and grading as any other branch of study.

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It is not in the high schools and universities alone, as some writers have suggested, that the remedy should be applied. Few pupils advance so far as to come under such influences. The masses, the thousands, show the fault in its most glaring shape, and they can only be effectively reached in the public schools. And let the knife first of all be applied to the letter *r*. I have known singing pupils to nullify weeks of teaching by a single effort with a word containing that letter. It is the microbe or bacillus of orthoepic disease. And we should do in speech as we do in song: sound the vowel and enunciate the consonant. Let us hope that such an effort as I have outlined may not be considered millennial. It is right, correct, and in good taste, and can be made with little more effort than that of care and watchfulness.

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Mr. Percy W. Mitchell, late choirmaster of St. Peter's church, has been appointed "Master of the Choristers" at St. James' Cathedral, where his uncle, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, is "choirmaster." What the difference between the two designations is I cannot see.

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The Philharmonic Society is considering the advisability of giving both of its concerts at the end of the season, with Mr. Charles Santley in each, the Elijah being given in April and Massenet's Eve in May. METRONOME.

The Drama.

We have had several weeks of old favorites at the Grand Opera House recently, and next week we are promised another popular favorite in the person of Miss Cora Tanner. I made it a point to attend Mr. Mantell's performance of Hamlet last week. From previous knowledge of this actor's methods and peculiarities, I was of opinion that he would make something of a success of this part. Mr. Mantell is nothing if not romantic. Indeed such is his predilection for this particular coloring of his presentations, that he has earned for himself the sobriquet in dramatic circles of the "romantic emotional." This does not badly express the characteristics of his work. As Hamlet is probably the most romantic of Shakespeare's tragic characters and gives unlimited opportunities for the display of emotional work, it seemed to me that Mr. Mantell, therefore, should feel somewhat at home in embodying the character of the youthful, poetical, philosophic, but utterly woe-burdened Prince of Denmark. My expectations were in a large measure realized. While we in Toronto are not so afflicted with poor players tearing the passions of Hamlet to pieces and mouthing his words as to tempt us to set Mr. Mantell's Hamlet up for a paragon of histrionism, still, on the other hand, we are not accustomed to seeing Hamlet ably presented so often that we need dismiss this effort with a sentence. It is quite evident that, though Mr. Mantell has played the part publicly but a few times, he has made a careful study of it and its requirements. The fact that, as he said, most actors considered it the study of a life-time, did not prevent his reading of it from being a very creditable one. He took more of their meaning out of the lines and expressed it than nine-tenths of the people who read. I confess that, to me, his rendering of the greater portion of the monologue on death and his reflections on the skull of Yorick were eminently satisfactory. Perhaps Mr. Mantell fails more in showing the scholarly side of Hamlet than in any other. One can more easily conceive of his protesting his love for the gentle Ophelia in unmeasured terms than soliloquizing in the half-crazy, philosophic-poetical fashion of the student prince, whose unsophisticated eyes were suddenly opened to the depravity of man by his father's "taking off." There were certainly many points where improvement would follow upon practice, but I think Mr. Mantell's Hamlet will be more successful than his Othello ere he has played it so often. It is a more difficult part to make interesting, but it suits his temperament better. Hamlet is romantically tragic. Othello is brutally tragic. In Hamlet Mr. Mantell has abundant and appropriate opportunity for using the beautiful aspirate and emotional qualities of his voice. In Othello the harsh gutturals of the unlettered soldier are required, and in this he is not so successful. The fact that his support did not show to such advantage in the former play would give many the idea that his work in that was of an inferior quality.

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Another of Mr. Augustus Pitou's stars, and an old favorite here, was greeted by a good audience at the Grand on Monday night. This was Rose Coghlan, who appeared in her successful character, Peg Woffington, and later on in the week in London Assurance and Lady Barter, the latter a new comedy written by Mr. Charles Coghlan. I do not know whether I have an antiquarian spirit or not, but I must confess to a partiality for the old plays, which I cannot satisfactorily explain. What witchery is in the hand of time that can impart to ancient works of art such charms as moderns despair of achieving? What painter's brush can rival that of the old Father to touch the canvas with tints of such divine mellowness? What alchemist so subtle as he to impart a perfume to the bottled grape? And with what a potent hand he dresses up the comedies and characters of years ago? How richly do the picturesque movements and garb strike the eye? How dignified their manner and their stately wit, yet what an air of good cheer and unlimited jollity o'erspreads it all! It has none of the flippancy and irreverence of your modern jest that's tinctured with the mercurial spirit of the age. Yes, I must confess to a liking for the old plays that have survived. Ah! there's the key to it all. Why do we all like them? Is it not because they were good enough to survive? How much of all that we upon the modern stage endure will long survive the buffetings of time! How little rather let us say! As it was in the past it will be in our own time. The resistless action of the years will purge out all that is useless and ephemeral and that we shall hand down to posterity will be only what has been our inheritance from those preceding us, the ablest work of the most gifted workmen. I read in the papers the other day that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll said recently that the greatest dramas were produced when the writers got no financial reward, and that now, when gold was ready to be poured into the pockets of the successful playwright there was no good work produced. This gentleman does not speak without knowledge on the subject of the drama. Yet, when one considers the number of plays produced since Shakespeare's time, which have become classics, does it not seem probable that this age is holding up its own end in this particular with any age that has preceded it, excepting Shakespeare's. It has been predicted that Boucicault's play, London Assurance, is likely to survive. That has been the product of the last half century. I have read that Clyde Fitch's Beau Brummel almost rivals Sheridan. Then, is it not possible that an immortal drama may be produced this year, next year or the year after. Who knows? (I here take the opportunity of heading off the insinuation that I am writing a play. 'Tis false!) Again, when one considers the subtle influence of mere age on the minds of men, and also the changed conditions of the modern time, is it not possible that some of the modern plays so lightly considered are not intrinsically as meritable as some of the old ones we are inclined to rave over?

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Miss Coghlan has this year abandoned Jocelyn and has made Peg Woffington the leading play in her repertoire. This is a profitable as well as a popular move, I have no doubt, for Miss Coghlan gives an effective rendering of this strong character. She looks the part and her bluff, brusque manner harmonizes well with its language. She has surrounded herself with a very fair company and the cast is excellently dressed. Mr. John T. Sullivan, as Sir Charles Pomander gave an exquisite impersonation of the young blood about town of a century or two ago. He is admirable in his wickedness. Mr. Mason Mitchell's Ernest Vane had many good points and Mr. Luke Martin as Colley Cibber was a treat. Mr. Thomas Whiffen as Triplet won the hearts of the audience. Mr. Walter Eytinge as Quin, Mr. Charles E. Edwards as Stuart and Mr. Chas. Kidder as Soaper lent a much better support than the average company. Miss Beatrice Moreland made a very pretty Mabel Vane, though her reading was in many places susceptible of improvement.

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The play that has held the boards of the Academy of Music for the first four days of the present week is called My Jack, written by B. Landeck and George Conquest. The story would be too long to relate. It is the same old tale of the rich and apparently respectable villain, in high estate led by a selfish passion through ill or good means to gain the hand of the virtuous and beautiful girl who is living in the atmosphere of a healthful and happy love. The villain all through is the slave in reality of a vagabond Greek, who, as usual, possesses such valuable knowledge against him as to extract money copiously in threatening to divulge it. Thus, as the plot develops, the difficulty of the villain's purpose grows. The plot of My Jack is a neat conception and somewhat wide and interesting in its working in that so many characters play prominent roles.

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Mr. Walter Sanford as Jack Meredith evinced unmistakable evidences of a devotee of his art, and has very favorably turned a lucky talent into shining ability. The support is certainly strong almost throughout. Miss Ethel Barrington, as Dorothy Prescott, Jack's constant sweetheart, ably assisted Mr. Sanford, her pretty face and graceful figure lending a great charm. Mr. C. Frew and Miss Jennie Christie as Patrick Doolan of H. M. Gunboat, Sea Gull, and Mary Ibbotson respectively furnished the comedy. Pat's brogue, his aptly written part and his "prisince", with his faithful sweetheart Mary's demonstrative attentions were always heartily welcomed.

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It would likely be hard to discern whether Mr. P. Aug. Anderson as Ciro Panitza, the vagabond Greek, is a Greek in truth, of low caste, so powerful is the impersonation. The broken English, well spoken, the sly and furtive glances of the eyes, the degraded appearance, yet withal the ever-present acute cunning is strongly sustained by him through recurrent and lengthy passages. The scenery calls for hearty commendation, being well painted, cleverly placed and also providing new ideas. The scene of the two ships in distress approaching the rocky shore through a heavy storm, could not, to my mind, be easily surpassed. It was small, but a gem. The imitation of the approaching storm was carefully done. Some parts of the dialogue were exceedingly impressive and the audience all evening was apparently charmed with the performance. I hardly think that I have heard before so audible a demonstration of the sympathy and close attention as that shown by this audience in their involuntary start when the avenger's knife is struck at an innocent heart. This company and play received large patronage at each performance. The incidental music required to be softened more at critical sections of the dialogue to the advantage of the better hearing the words.

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Lester & Williams' variety company has done big business at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week, in their burlesque skit entitled Me and Jack. It gives unlimited opportunity for different kinds of variety business and is very laughable. Messrs. Lester and Williams' duet, Think it Over, was lavishly encored, and the funny sayings of Messrs. Gallagher and West keep the audience in excellent humor. Among other features of the show are Messrs. Burke and Forrest, character comedians, Low Carroll, the Cave Destroyer, Polly McDonald, well-known on the variety stage, Miss Estelle Sylvia, song and dance artiste and Miss Helen Englehart, lady fencer.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

Augustus Pitou, the well known and successful theatrical manager, is visiting his old friends in Toronto this week. Mr. Pitou is the manager of Robert Mantell, who has just closed a very successful engagement here, and also manager of Rose Coghlan. Mr. Pitou has just completed a melo-drama entitled, The Power of the Press, which will be produced in New York this season.

Ellen Terry is one of the readiest of woman in an emergency as well as one of the wittiest in telling of her difficulty afterward. All of this was seen the last night of her engagement in America. It was during an intermission of her part, when she slipped into the back of a friend's box, chatting and waiting her cue. While talking she dropped gracefully on her knees, and calling every one's attention to a knot of crimson resting on her blonde locks, began relating a funny experience of that very evening. She said her costume that night demanded a red snood in her hair, and to the consternation of herself and her maid it was discovered on reaching the theatre that the ribbon had been forgotten. They rushed about in a great state, looking for any bit of vivid color, but to no avail, and were in despair when Miss Terry thought of a substitute. Quick as a flash her scarlet silk stocking was drawn off, a black one substituted, and when the curtain rose her toilet was complete. She showed how heel and toe had been deftly treated, but observed that in an impassioned scene she was very nearly overcome with laughter thinking of the bit of hosiery figuring on her tragic head.

One of the presents at the marriage of Edith Barrett and Marshall Williams was a cheque for $4,999 from Stuart Robson, says the New York *World*, and it thereby became a tale of interest to many people in and out of theatrical circles. The authority for the story is one of the guests of Mr. Lawrence Barrett on that occasion, though it scarcely need be said that he didn't learn the story from his host. "Marsh" Williams, as the bridegroom is described by his friends, hasn't any great stock of reverence on hand, even for so august a personage as his father-in-law, and when, as the story goes, he saved that gentleman's life one day last summer he had less. The good country folks about Cohasset, who are socked and buskined tragedians and comedians of the deepest dye in winter, visit around among themselves and wear hayseed in their hair and straw hats on top of it in the most approved rural style in summer time. On one such informal, but never to be forgotten occasion, Mr. Lawrence Barrett was a passenger in the neighborhood carryall in which Stuart Robson was also making the rounds. Marshall Williams was another passenger, and when the shifty and exhuberant nag that dragged the carryall got cantankerous and stood upon his hind legs and his dignity, "Marsh" jumped out, and at the risk of his own life, as Mr. Barrett thought, quieted the raging charger. An invitation to dinner followed, for Barrett was profoundly impressed by the idea that his life had been saved by this irreverent young man. Mr. Williams went back again, and though he was "only a clerk," the tragedian's daughter, Edith, evidently "took a shine" to him. "Why, Marsh," said Robson, as the story goes, "you can win that girl; don't be abashed, my boy; go in and win. And, by Jove, if you do win her, I'll give you a wedding present of $5,000! Here's a dollar on account." It is needless to say that "Marsh" wasn't abashed, and next summer the Cohasset colony will be increased by the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. B.

Winkle—Eh! How is this, Binkle? I've heard you say many a time that every man should be master in his own house: but—ha! ha!—old boy, you don't seem to be master here.

Binkle (sheepishly)—This is my wife's house. —*N. Y. Weekly.*

Presence of Mind.

"Lend me fifteen dollars, will you?"

"Certainly—how much did you say?"

"Fifty dollars."—*Puck.*

Not in Style.

Mrs. De Style—That cloak is just lovely—so soft and warm. Is it fashionable?

Dealer—No, ma'am, it's called the Common Sense Cloak.

Mrs. De Style (with a sigh)—Let me see your Parisian shoulder capes.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

New England, 1890.

First Author—Ah! Good-morning, Scribbler. Where to?

Second Author—I'm starting on a trip through New England to gather materials for a new novel. The scene will be laid in the land of the Pilgrims.

First Author—What is it to be, a French-Canadian romance or an Irish story?

Geneve.

For Saturday Night.

She sat in the stately minster
When I was a little child;
But she was a fair haired lassie,
And I was an urchin wild.
Ah, me! she was pure as lilies,
Fair as the rose's bloom,
And her presence cleansed my spirit,
Like the breath of a sweet perfume.

She sat in the stately minster
Last June in the sunrise light;
She sat in the stately minster
When autumn chilled the night;
In the silver tones of an angel
Chanting her psalmody,
That rings in my heart for ever
Like a dream of eternity.

She sits no more in the minster;
No more with those peerless eyes
She stirs my soul into passion,
And leaves it to waste in sighs.
She sits no more in the minster,
But sleeps in an ocean grave,
Like a hidden keepsake blossom,
In the bosom of the wave.

She sits no more in the minster,
Nor treads in the lonely aisles,
And this is the sombre solace
They offer to cease my smiles;
That God is the Lord of Beauty,
And His was the right to pull
The flower He had reared in His garden,
So holy and beautiful.

JOHANN K PAUW.

The Wintry Bough.

For Saturday Night.

Gently at the casement tapping
Came the scared and wintry bough,
Little did I heed the rapping,
Never questioned—who art thou?

But continuous was the knocking,
Brushing, scratching past the pane,
Till at last I thought—how shocking—
Should a message come in vain.

Then I asked, with some surprise,
Wintry bough, wherefore now stay?
You neither cheer nor please mine eyes.
Why linger through this wintry day.

Feebly to the wind now bending,
With a soft, a gentle strain,
Deeper tones the distance sending,
Came these words, and not in vain:

"During many a day of gladness,
And when summer storms blew o'er,
I refreshed you, cheered your sadness,
Now I'm knocking at your door.

"Open now your heart to me,
Spare me yet one little thought
Ere I pass that boundless sea,
Where the past's nothing of naught."

Then did memories past recall me,
How I'd sat beneath that bough,
When sad evils did befall me,
Aged one, I know thee now.

The Last Page.

For Saturday Night.

The story ends, and the book I close—
The well-worn book of The Passing Year—
I've finished reading its weals and woes,
Its bits of briar, its leaves of rose,
The story is done to-day, my dear.

In my hand I hold a book unread,
Uncut the pages of Ninety-one;
Sweet will it be as the year just fled?
As bitter a thing when lying dead,
As the tale just told, the year just done?

I look no more in its covers twain,
The prose is much, and the poems are few,
Yet e'er I toss it aside I fain
Would part its pages and turn again
To find where I first read, dear, of you.

The chapter's headed with but your name,
'Twas writ in warmth of the summer shine,
Till then the story was dull and tame,
But, O! the soul of it since you came
Bewitches me like a wild, rare wine.

Has life another such book for me,
Entrancing, subtle, and sweet as this?
Do chapters sealed in the year to be
Reflect the moments of misery,
Of empty words, or a careless kiss?

In my hand I hold a story new,
Is it gray and grim, or gold and fair?
Will every line speak, dear, of you,
Right unto the end, as now they do,
Or O! will your name be missing there?

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

A Skating Lesson.

We spoke in sentences condensed,
Yet said enough.
Sometimes I wildly bumped against
Her furry muff.

Sometimes her lovely weight half hurled
Me from my feet,
Nor would I miss for all the world
This onslaught sweet.

Sometimes with both dear hands she clung
In dire alarm;
Again, quite calm, she merely hung
Upon my arm.

Oh, moonlit night! oh, silvery ring
Of skaters' steel!
With fingers locked we glide and swing,
We carol and reel.

I feel her skirt that flutters warm
Against my knees,
I turn and twist her pliant form
With graceful ease.

Last—kneeling, draw the straps apart
From ankle neat;
My gloves are in her lap—my heart
Is at her feet.

A half-forgotten memory—
Yet, at a word
How clearly it comes back to me!
Just now I heard

My eldest-born, my handsome Claude,
(Oh, ec lie of fate!)
Coaxing her lovely daughter Maud
To learn to skate!

M. S. BRIDGES.

Diplomacy.

"Anything wrong with the coffee this morning, John?"

"No; it's good enough."

"Biscuits all right?"

"I haven't any fault to find with the biscuits."

"Steak cooked all right?"

"I don't see anything wrong with the steak."

"No."

"John, I wish you would let me have fifty cents to buy some ribbons.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

Noted People.

Queen Victoria has made known through Cardinal Manning that she will present no objection to the canonization of Joan of Arc.

Miss Sadie Elliott, the brilliant author of Jerry, is still at her Sewanee home, but plans to come to New York for the winter season. Illness is combined with pleasure in this Northern journey, as Miss Elliott is making arrangements for the publication of a new serial.

The other day Mr. Herbert Spencer sauntered into the billiard room at the Senior Club, London, and invited a young major, who was the only person there, to take a cue. The major did so. Beginning to play with deliberation, the great philosopher gave a miss in baulk. His opponent cannoned off the red, and left off at thirty-seven, with all the balls out of play. Mr. Spencer made another miss. Then the major ran out. "Sir," the philosopher said, as he gravely put his cue into its case, "a certain dexterity in games of skill indicates a well balanced mind: but expertness such as you have displayed is strong presumptive evidence of an ill-spent youth. I wish you good afternoon!"

Prof. John Stuart Blackie is one of the most remarkable men that Scotland now possesses. His delicate figure, with the white locks thick round the finely cut face, and the Byronic collar turning downwards to the thick plaid that is wrapped warmly around his shoulders, are familiar to every Edinburgh boy and girl. Some years ago he accepted an umbrella from a manufacturer who advertises his goods well by presenting specimens to celebrities, and acknowledged the gift by four lines of verse. The tradesman was quick to use his opportunity, and now every hoarding in Scotland represents Prof. Blackie pushing his way against a deluge of rain "a wind-tight fellow." The humor of the situation lies in the fact that he never carries an umbrella!

Catherine Cole, the well-known Southern journalist, has for the last ten years been an indefatigable worker with her pen. In consequence of this over-exertion she broke down, and spent last summer abroad in search of much-needed rest. Her recent return to New Orleans, her native place, was celebrated by a reception given by the Woman's Club of that city. It was in the nature of a sweet and cordial congratulation upon her renewed health. As she stood beneath the glare of many lights, flower-burdened with the gifts of thoughtful friends, the quick, observing eye, gracious manner, and the youth-time still about her, all gave promise of yet unfolded possibilities. The journalistic, literary, social, and business worlds jostled each other on the occasion, each one anxious to pay tribute to this working woman's friend.

A good story has just come to light about Mr. Spurgeon, which gives some idea of the love he entertains for bagpipe playing. Paul McKillop, the old Highlander whose body was found in the Caledonian Canal, Inverness, the other week, and who saw much active service in the 79th Highlanders, was engaged to play Mr. Spurgeon from Dingwall station, when the late Dr. Kennedy's new church was opened in that town. McKillop, dressed in full regimentals, and with his pipes in splendid order, impatiently awaited the arrival of the eminent divine from London. No sooner had Mr. Spurgeon stepped from the railway carriage on to the platform than his ears were greeted with a stirring Highland march. Mr. Spurgeon seemed to take in the stalwart piper at a glance, ascertained his name (Paul McKillop), and, in a voice heard above the sound of the pipes, exclaimed, "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me?" Paul was quick to perceive that the divine meant no offence, and, giving a pat to his bagpipes, he made for the church.

The wife of Mr. George Kennan, the Siberian traveler, is a plump, pretty young woman, whose rosy beauty is a strong contrast to the pale, deep-eyed traveler, whose health has never recovered from the terrible days that he lay racked with fever in a Siberian hut. They have no children, and Mrs. Kennan accompanies him upon all his lecturing tours. Their home for a time was in Washington, where Mr. Kennan owns a splendid site for a house on the coming great street of the city—Sixteenth street, that leads, straight and broad, from the city boundaries to the White House. They have a charming summer residence at Baddeck, on Prince Edward's Island, close to Prof. Alexander Graham Bell's superb summer home. The simple Prince Edward Islanders think the Kennans and the Bells the greatest people in the world. Mrs. Kennan is devoted to her Baddeck home, not only because it is a charming spot, but because it is only when she is there—from June until October—that she enjoys the sweet domestic life with her husband.

"I believe," said Mr. Gladstone recently, with more than his usual modest gravity of manner in making personal statements, "I believe I am within four days of the greatest age when in this country any man has taken part in the government of the country." The old man accompanied this with a characteristic expression of gratitude and thank-giving, and then, alluding to Lord Palmerston, and not without a twinkle in his eye to relieve the modesty of his speech from affectation, he added that he might perhaps venture to think that the part which Lord Palmerston had to play in public affairs at that period was a less critical, a more formal, a less momentous one than the part which Providence had laid on himself during the last few memorable days. Mr. Gladstone's visit to Antony and Cleopatra is in accordance with his custom. Whenever he is hard pressed and sorely needs recreation, off he goes to the play. Mere rest is then of little good to him. His alert faculties are working like a mill. A tough bout of theology in the earlier stages, Homer, and an armchair if the case is rather graver; and he is thoroughly exhausted—the play. He can immerse himself in Shakespeare if he is going to see the hard acted; and on Saturday, while the Irish members were still battling with destiny, and Mr. Gladstone's name was being bandied about in two committee rooms, Mr. Gladstone was happily buried in Antony and Cleopatra.

In a Great Library.

The British Museum Library is the student's paradise. It has every modern convenience of light, heat, and service. The main room is a huge, bright rotunda, with walls covered with standard works, a great expanse of skylight in the ceiling, and a thick rubber matting on the floor to render noiseless every movement of the little army of scholars, attendants, and visitors who daily travel through its myriad passageways. Porters, catalogueers, and assistant librarians, trained by long years of service, observe and fill every want of the patrons as soon as it is manifested, yet so skilfully, swiftly, and unostentatiously that confusion is unknown and mistakes almost unheard of. To the man accustomed to the inconveniences and practical unreliability of the ordinary American library, the operations and system in the British Museum seem perfect. The student need not follow compound book titles through hugh catalogues and complicated systems of arrangement. All this wearying of the flesh that in a New York library consumes the student's energy before he sees even the outside of the volumes he desires is done for him in the British Museum, so that his whole energy and uninterrupted attention may be wholly concentrated on mental labor. The simplicity of the system of facilitating the work of students is so admirably calculated to invite and encourage scholarly research that it is worth a slightly detailed description for the comfort of New Yorkers who, after having exhausted themselves in vain searches for special information in city libraries, have left in despair. To get a reader's card to the British Museum library a person needs only to be guaranteed by some Londoner, whose name is in the directory. A day or so after this guarantee has been given the applicant calls at the secretary's office in the museum, receives his card, presents it to the doorkeeper of the library, and is admitted. Nobody without a card can pass into the rotunda. Within, the reader finds low rows of desks and big leather-backed chairs, radiating from a double line of circular book shelves, full of catalogues, at the center of the room. In a little circular desk at the very middle, completely surrounded by catalogues, reference cards, and volumes that tell everything about everything in the place, is the commander-in-chief, either the head librarian or his assistant. If the reader be entirely new to the subject he wishes to study, he goes directly to this man at the middle desk and describes the line of research he wishes to pursue. The line of research may be medical, or metaphysical, or geological, or geographical, or ornithological, or economical, yet the man at the middle desk is always able to give the names of eight or nine special works with which the student may make a start. An attendant is called, the titles are given to him, he hurries through the catalogues under the supervision of the reader, and, having found the location of each volume, hurries off for the whole lot. The reader makes himself comfortable at an unoccupied desk provided with pens, ink, blotters, and book blanks. In ten minutes his books are laid on the desk. As he digs down into them he begins to appreciate the paradise he has fallen into. Whenever he finds a foot note reference to other books on the subject he is investigating, he is not obliged to hurry off on a wild goose chase up and down stairs, through dust and dirt, and draughts and dark passages, after the desired works. He need not even go to the librarian's desk. He has simply to indicate on one of the book blanks before him the volume or volumes he wishes, shove the blank into a little basket, and within ten minutes every volume is on his desk. An attendant, whose business it is to watch baskets, saw the slip fall, picked it out immediately, hastened off for the books, brought them without an instant's unnecessary delay, and there they are. Without a spoken word, a wasted minute, or a useless step the reader may push on from one stage of his work to the next. All contingencies seem to have been provided against by the management of the library. The familiar "In Use" of New York libraries is never heard there. Of every work of any popularity or fairly general need there are duplicate copies beyond all possibility of exhaustion. No embarrassment or delay is caused by orders for many books at once or especially big ones. The attendant merely takes a little cart, with rubber tires on the wheels, with him to the remote recesses where most of the books lie, and trundles back his load as promptly as if he had been filling an order for only one volume. In this way big Congressional documents, Parliamentary reports, huge census compilations, and German histories are handled as easily and delivered promptly as a Cobden Club tract or the lightest novel. Little idea of the inexhaustible variety of the books in the British Museum Library is conveyed by the statement that it contains 1,200,000 or 1,300,000 volumes. The figures are staggering, but not so staggering as the minute completeness of the literature on an infinite number of subjects. The sources of original information on subjects old and new, foreign and English, great and small, are ample beyond the conception of the student who has not had an opportunity to draw from them. Files of newspapers of all civilized countries, contemporary literature up to the last few days, foreign pamphlets and tracts, even to the most ephemeral, allow the painstaking investigator to drink at the main springs of information of all topics of all lands. An illustration of the cosmopolitan comprehensiveness of the library may be had in the abundance of the material on such an entirely foreign subject as paper money in the United States. The literature on this topic reaches back to the beginning. American newspapers, one hundred, one hundred and twenty, and one hundred and thirty years old are obtainable at a few minutes' notice. Piles of antiquated eighteenth century pamphlets of cis-atlantic publications with f's for s's and ye's for the's, and ponderous explanatory titles, full of arguments for and against revolutionary and anti-revolutionary paper are stowed away in the innumerable alcoves of inner rooms. Polemical writings on the finest questions of the relations of bills of credit to the provisions of the Constitution may be got for reference with only a little delay beyond the usual ten minutes allowed for delivery. With the growing dates the comprehensiveness of the materials increase till for 1808-12 the mass is overpowering; for 1833 39 unmanageable, and for the days of the last war, a whole large library by itself. Few exhaustive works of recent date concerning the ancient history of money in this country are without unmistakable traces of the author's direct or indirect use of the British Museum library. A student who has worked there and in all the New York libraries said recently: "In the London library I can learn more about American financial history in a day than I can learn in New York in a week. I can get at more original sources of information there as to our colonial days than it would be possible for me to collect from all the libraries of New York, public and private combined, and that, too, without greater exertion than is required to sit at a desk and write titles on slips of paper. To make even an attempt at accomplishing an equal amount in New York I would be obliged to run from Lafayette place to Harlem, to plough my way through acres of catalogues, and climb miles of stairways, stepladders, and musty shelves." If New York wishes to offer American students any such encouragement for looking into their country's history as is offered by the British library, it must consolidate and complete with the aid of historical experts its small, half-private libraries, get a practical and public system of cataloguing, and hire sufficient attendants to do all the physical labor of reference work. The remarkable conveniences of the British Museum library have made it a resort for all literary students. Its 300 and odd desks are always occupied, and its inexhaustible mines of accessible information are being constantly worked. Great men have sat at nearly every desk. Thomas Carlyle has hewn out his ragged-edged sentences within its precincts. The gaunt form and earnest face of Lecky have passed through its aisles. Gladstone has added to his mighty store of learning from its treasury of knowledge. Disraeli has turned its abstruse pages, and Cobden and Bright have pilfered within its walls the facts they were so brilliant in popularizing. To-day, scholars and newspaper reporters, magazine writers and agents for information bureaus, sit side by side at its desks. The round-faced girl with the bobbed hair grubs deep in an encyclopædia within reach of the bald old man in a sea of classic literature. Thus day by day, month by month, year by year, and decade by decade this great silent educator of the people continues at work, compared with which the pretentious work of the English universities is insignificant and unproductive.
—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Toast.

Fill me this glass—it is antique Venetian,
Fair as a bubble from the Adrian sea;
Pour me a draught of nectar—Cyprian, Grecian,
None of the *ordinaire* this night for me.

I drink, my boys, to that entrancing vision,
A dream o' the summer night—I'll se'er forget;
I drink to her—queen o' the land Elysian,
The dear, delicious girl, I never met.

Here's to the heart she gave me as I slumbered,
The arms that drew me to a haven of bliss;
The melting moments, rapturous, unnumbered,
World without end—the chrism of her kiss!

Here's to the dreamland home, our Eden dwelling,
Unchanged forever and forever more;
And to our mutual love, immortal, welling
Melodiously upon the shadowy shore.

Here's to that perfect one, mine own, mine only,
And to that dreamful life she shapes for me;
And to those other joys—O, Earth, how lonely!
The babes I've never dandled on my knee!

—*Current Literature.*

Realism and Idealism.

I am an idealist, so they tell me. At least, there are several gentlemen whom everybody agrees to call realists whose talents I admire extremely, but whose works I should not care to write, even if I were able. I do not know whether they admire my talents, but some of them are kind enough to assure me that they would rather die than write my works. I believe the realists, or rather some of the sillier of them, object to invention altogether and must have everything a document, as they call it, and taken out of a notebook. This is a question of sentiment. I suspect most of our inventions are documentary enough and taken out of the notebook of the memory. I will give you a couple of examples from my own case. Some five or six years after I had written Treasure Island I picked up Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveler, and there I find Billy Bones, with his voice, his manner, his talk, his sabre cut, his sea chest, and all that is Billy Bales'. I had read it long ago and, if you will allow me a bull, I had forgotten but my memory had remembered. Again, I fondly supposed I had invented a scene when Alan Breck quarrels with one of the McGregors in a house in Balquidder. Here in Sydney, not two days ago, a gentleman informs me that I had read the outlines of that scene, even to the names of the three principal characters engaged, in Pitcairn's Criminal Trials. We authors all rearrange that matter of observed life with which our memories are charged, and the most we can mean by the word invention is some happy congruity or surprise in the method of arranging it. The realists will not let themselves enjoy anything. The moment anything enjoyable appears they must remind the reader that there is a cesspool under the kitchen floor, a corpse in the back parlor cupboard, and a volcano in the immediate vicinity. I do not say it is not so in real life. I only say that in life nobody cares. If he is meeting his sweetheart or combating enemy at the moment, cesspool, corpse and volcano are all blotted from his mind. He does not look out of the window to analyze a smell and consider the miserable fate of humanity or the geological conditions of the earth. He does not care a farthing candle if the whole thing is going to explode to-morrow. At that moment he is all upon the present passion and his being thrills. It is this sympathetic thrill of emotion that I miss in so-called realists. Writers appear to have become infected with a desire to imitate painters. Laborious and minute description became the disease of literature. We can make our hero speak, we can make him move, we can make him think, we can make him travel, we can let him grow old, we can let him die and even hear what his survivors say of him. But one thing we cannot do; we cannot tell what he looked like. Observe the efforts of artists to realize characters, even the most elaborately described. Every draughtsman makes a new thing of them. One-sense literature can only serve by a half-miraculous *tour de force* and that sense is the sense of sight. I believe they are blinded, on the one hand, by a technical preoccupation, by the supposed necessity of perpetual minute and always original observation; while they are blinded, on the other hand, by the habit of living in towns, in a mean, poky, hole-and-corner civilization, where they live in clubs and restaurants, never seeing people in the open air, in their working clothes and undergoing healthy toils and dangers. Pierre Loti and De Maupassant are the two that are by far the most sympathetic to me in their methods, and the only two of whom I absolutely know that they have had some good experience of the open air and a healthy life. I am like a Highland skipper, of whom I once asked the meaning of a Gaelic name, and who replied, seemingly in physical agony, "'A canna say it, but a feel it in ma breest.'" Any way that I could put it in words would sound something far harsher than I mean. I will deal perfectly frankly with you. I do not know what idealism means. I do not know what realism means. I try to represent what seems to me conspicuous and representable in the world in which I live. I try to give pleasure or to awaken interest. I see the defects, I see the inherent untruths.—*Robert Louis Stevenson in the Melbourne Argus.*

An Episode of the Recent Horse Show.

Carrie Laurence was a pretty little woman with dark brown eyes and a ravishing figure. She was passionately in love with her big, handsome husband, of whom she was insanely jealous. They had been married a little over a year, and although "Joe" Laurence was very devoted to his lovely young wife he could not resist an occasional tender glance at a pretty woman wherever he chanced to see one. But Mrs. Laurence, who watched her husband as a cat does a mouse, detected all this and many and bitter were the quarrels which occurred between them on this account. They had a beautiful place at Rye, on the sound, where they remained until December.

"I may be detained until the five o'clock train to-day, dearie," Joe said one morning as he kissed his wife good-bye; "there's almost a panic in Wall street and I don't know how things are going with me."

"You are not going to the horse show again, are you, Joe?" Mrs. Laurence asked suspiciously, for her husband had met a number of pretty women the day previous, when she was at the show with him, friends of his bachelor days, he told her.

"Nonsense, my love," he replied. "You know we went there together yesterday; besides I've seen enough of it.' There was an evasive look in his eye, which did not escape Mrs. Laurence. And she held him firmly by the arm.

"Are you positive that you are not going to that horse show?" she demanded again, looking straight at him.

"Damn the show," he answered. "I wish you would give me some peace, Carrie."

Mrs. Laurence watched him jump on the dog-cart and drive rapidly away; then she sat down to think the matter over. Presently she arose with a triumphant little smile on her pretty face.

"Tell John to have the carriage ready by one o'clock," she said to her maid, "and I'll wear that blue dress with the sable trimmings, Marie. I'm going to town and want to look my best to-day."

"Oui, Madame," Marie answered, eyeing her mistress curiously.

When Mrs. Laurence reached the city she took a hansom and drove to Madison Square Garden, but when she went to the box office to purchase her ticket it occurred to her for the first time how strange it would look for her to make an appearance there entirely alone, for of course she would meet all her friends.

Strangely at that moment she glanced up and saw Jack Latimer, who had been very devoted to her before her marriage. In answer to her smile he joined her immediately.

"Were you going in alone?" he asked in a surprised tone. "How fortunate I should have struck here at the right moment."

Mrs. Laurence accepted his escort willingly, yet with some misgivings in her heart.

"Suppose Joe is not here, after all," she thought. "And if he should hear of my being with Jack Latimer he would never forgive me."

Or that her husband disliked Jack Latimer most. She grew nervous and worried.

"By-the-bye," Latimer said, "is Joe coming over? I saw him at the Union Club about twenty minutes ago."

Her face flushed. She was all attention now. Two o'clock at the Union Club could not mean much anxiety about Wall street.

"I don't know," she replied carelessly. "He said he would be here if possible."

At this moment she started quickly, for, not fifty feet away, she saw her husband with two men looking after a handsome blonde woman who had just passed.

The color in her face deepened and Jack Latimer, watching her closely, understood.

At this same moment one of her husband's friends noticed her.

"By Jove, Laurence!" he said, "there's a stunning woman with Latimer! You know every one. Who is she?"

Laurence turned quickly and saw—his wife! Their eyes met and Mrs. Laurence's lip curled maliciously, but she smiled and nodded to him gayly.

"Who is she?" again inquired Harvey Minton, who had passed the previous five years abroad.

"My wife," replied Laurence, curtly. "Come across and I'll present you."

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence took the five o'clock train home. The horse show was never mentioned, but as they sipped their coffee in the cosy dining-room that evening, Mrs. Laurence said demurely:

"I hope the panic is over, Joe."

Laurence looked curiously into his wife's eyes and noticed an expression he had never seen there before, but—he understood perfectly well what she meant.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Her Hand Was Caught.

The sight of a very pretty and stylish young lady standing in distress and tears, tugging to free her hand from a mail box which seemed to gleefully restrain her from escaping, is odd and interesting. The collector of letters had just come up, and when the fair captive informed him of her inability to remove her hand from the aperture he was surprised, and attempted to see by what power the box refused to release her hand.

"My rings are caught in some way, so that I can't get them through the opening," explained the young lady.

The collector unlocked the box, extended his arm up inside and grasped the girl's fingers. He found that they still held a letter. He took this from the girl's hand and then drew the ring that held her a prisoner from the finger, after which she had no difficulty in freeing herself from the box. In her struggles she had abraded the skin of her finger, and it was bleeding slightly. As the mail collector passed the ring to her he noticed that she placed it on the third finger of the left hand. At the same time he looked at the letter she was about to drop into the box and found that a drop of blood had fallen squarely over the surname of the man to whom it was directed. He looked up quickly at the girl, and her eyes caught the expression in his own. Her face was pale. She saw the blood, and, hastily taking the letter from the collector, said she would put it into a new envelope. Then, touching the ring, she said, with that unnecessary loquacity usual with girls when they are excited:

"It has never been off before since it was first put on."

The expression of her eyes was one of dread and despair. Looking again at the blood on the envelope, she hastened away.

"There'll be no good luck come out of that marriage," said the mail collector, gazing after her.

But, then, this was a man of limited intelligence, and his superstitious fancy was doubtless quite absurd.—*New York Sun.*

Natural Mistake.

It was Uncle Zeb's first visit to the theater. "They're dressed about as I expected to see 'em, John," he whispered to his nephew, "but I've seen better actin' at a school exhibition. Look at 'em. They're all cacklin' at wunst, and you can't understand more'n about half what they're a-sayin'."

"The play hasn't begun yet, uncle," replied John. "You are looking at a theater party in one of the boxes."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Excused.

Photographer—I can take a much better picture of you if you'll smile.

Customer—You'll have to excuse me, sir. I'm a prohibitionist.

After the Wedding.

She—Who gave the bride away?
He—Nobody; she brought a good figure.

Cruelty to Animals.

"I shall now give you the effect of distance," he said to her, and he sang so low as to be scarcely heard. "A little further, please," she said cruelly, and he picked up his voice and went away with it into the chilly night.—*Washington Star.*

Sympathy.

"What's become of Ebenezer Mudd?"

"He's in New York doing literary work. He is making quite a name for himself."

"Well, I don't blame him. The one his father gave him is awful."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Not a Marrying Man.

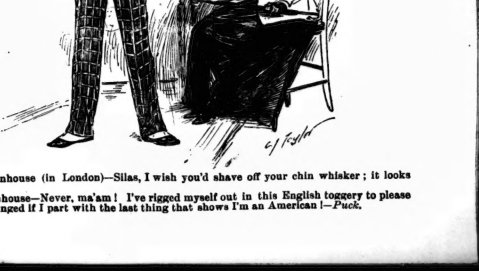
Anxious Mamma—Yes, Mr. Lakeside, the fact is I have two daughters who ought to be settled in life. Is this Western friend of yours a marrying man?

Mr. Lakeside (of Chicago)—Not to any great extent, mum. I'm afraid he wouldn't want to take more than one of 'em.

The Largest Book in the World.

The Asiatic Society in Bengal has succeeded in acquiring a copy of the Tangyur, the giant encyclopædia of Buddhism, from a convent in Thibet for the sum of 3,000 rupees. The work consists of 225 volumes, each of which is two feet long and six inches thick. Some years ago the Russian Government purchased a copy in Pekin. A third copy is kept at the India Office in London. These are the only copies to be found out of Thibet.

A Patriotic Kick.



Mrs. Packinhouse (in London)—Silas, I wish you'd shave off your chin whisker; it looks so gawky.

Mr. Packinhouse—Never, ma'am! I've rigged myself out in this English toggery to please ye; but I'm hanged if I part with the last thing that shows I'm an American!—*Puck.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXII.

CORONA PROVES STUBBORN.

Upon the day following the inquest upon the body of William Adams, Mr. Vansittart returned to his house about dusk, and sent a message upstairs desiring the presence of Corona in his study.

The past two days had passed like an evil dream. To the sisters in the Panelled House. Shut up as they were from the outside world, with only their own thoughts and fears for company, no wonder that they grew pale and nervous, and that Corona trembled as she crossed the dim threshold of a room which at no time she entered without a vague thrill of fear.

Mr. Vansittart was seated in his accustomed chair, the firlight playing on his face. Two candles burned dimly on a table a little way off, and upon the table lay a newspaper.

As the door opened to admit Corona, her guardian turned his head, greeted her with a look of great solicitude, and motioned her to a seat half way between his chair and the table.

"My dear Corona," he began very gently, "I have during the past days been entirely silent upon certain subjects that I am aware must occupy much of your thoughts, because I cannot endure to inflict pain upon, or impose anyone, least of all upon one for whom I cherish a warm and paternal regard. But though silent, I have not been idle. I have been going about as few motives could make me, trying to gain information that might serve to lighten the load at your heart. That I have been unsuccessful in my quest does not show any lack of zeal on my part. I hope you will at least believe that."

"I do not think I quite understand you, Uncle Andrew," said Corona, who was sitting with her hands pressed tight together.

"Then, my dear girl, I will explain. Did you think that one who has your interest as closely at heart as I have, could fail to be unaware of the growing attachment between you and that very active young man, Cedric Musgrave?"

Corona's face suddenly flamed; but she made no verbal response.

"Slight as has been my experience of young girls and their ways, and little as I have ever known of women, I have yet had knowledge enough to feel how needful is a maidenly reserve to one who, like yourself, dear Corona, loves for the first time; and, therefore, I have carefully abstained from alluding in your presence to the matter so near your heart; or from even appearing to notice it. I thought I should better show my true sympathy by silence than by any words, however gentle."

Still silence from Corona. She felt as if she knew now the feelings of the mouse with which the velvet-pawed cat is playing.

"Of course, my dearest Corona, I have always known that I could not expect to keep you always beneath this poor roof, greatly as your sweet presence has brightened and cheered of my sister and myself. My object in bringing you here, and in taking you out into society, was that you might be able to learn a little of the world, and to make for yourself such choice amongst the admirers, I know you must meet, as would best insure your future happiness. Need I say that it has been a pleasure I have seen the growth of an attachment towards one whom I believed to be a most suitable husband for my sweet ward? I allude, of course, to Mr. Cedric Musgrave."

"You were pleased?" questioned Corona, lifting her glance to his for a moment.

"I was—I liked all that I saw of the young man, and approved all I heard. He had sufficient wealth to be exonerated from the charge of fortune hunting; good birth, and, in short, everything in his favor. The only thing that surprised me, as I watched the progress of events, was your shyness, dear child, at announcing your engagement, which I think has existed some time between you."

"I—I was not sure—"

"Never mind, my dear. I need no apology. A young maiden has every right to her secret. I know you have never been able to thoroughly like or trust me; and though this is a grief to me, it is not a thing that I feel to be at all unnatural or blameworthy on your part. I have lived all my live as a recluse, I do not know the ways of the world or of the young, and Pauline is less versed in them even than myself, and is of a hard, tough exterior that seldom shows the warmth of the heart within. Let that pass; it is a matter of small consequence, and one which is the result of circumstance alone. But I hope you will credit me when I say that I have always had your best interests at heart in every step that I have taken with regard to you and your sister."

He paused as if for an answer; and Corona said, in a low, even tone:

"You are very kind."

"And if I must now inflict some pain upon you, will you try and believe that it hurts me only less than it does you?"

She looked at him a wide-eyed and silent.

"My dear child," he began once more, in a tone of great assumed tenderness: "believe me, I am truly grieved for you."

"Why?" her lips formed the word, though no voice came with it.

"Because, my poor Corona, I am afraid that there can be no doubt that that misguided young man, in a moment of blind fury, has done a deed that must forever cut him off from his place in life, and from all who have known him there—even if no worse fate befall him."

"Are you speaking of Cedric Musgrave?"

"My dear, I am. I cannot tell you all the painful story; but I have brought it for you to read for yourself. Go quietly to that table and look through the columns of the morning's Afterwards, if you feel equal to it, I should like a few words with you upon the subject."

Corona was glad to escape from the close proximity of her guardian, a man whom she feared and hated more intensely every week of her life. She would have preferred reading the paper in the quiet of her own room; but then Maidie would insist on seeing it too, and her little sister's nerves were so unstrung that she was anxious to keep from her any knowledge of ghastly details of the crime she seemed so strangely to have pictured in a dream.

So she sat down at the writing table where the paper lay, and read the detailed report of the inquest from end to end, Mr. Vansittart watching her the while with a hungry gleam in his eyes.

Vansittart felt more certain of an easy accomplishment of his dearest wish. His eyes rested hungrily upon the graceful curves of the girl's slight figure, upon the shining gold of her hair, and the pure, delicate outline of the profile, turned away from him, yet still plainly visible.

If such a feeling deserved the name of love, Mr. Vansittart was as much in love with Corona as his selfish nature allowed. He courted not only her wealth, but herself, and her soul itself. He vowed that she should be his by fair means or by foul; but he still meant to win her without actual force, and could be in any wise accomplished by any art of lying and deceit, of which he was the master.

Corona never moved a muscle all the time she read. She rested her head on his hand, and her eyes ran down the columns with closest attention. She took in every point that was made; she felt she knew it all by heart, when she at last looked up.

Her first words were not very encouraging, though spoken quite quietly.

"You testified against him."

"My dear, it is hardly just to put it thus. I was summoned as a witness, and I was forced to answer such questions as were put to me."

"Who summoned you? How was it known that you knew anything?"

"I was present at the billiard match, when the two young men quarrelled—there was no secret in that. I chanced to be in the church when the knife was produced that afterwards did such deadly work, and that young Musgrave said he always carried with him. Then, my dear, as your guardian, it was supposed that I might be able to throw some light upon the cause of the sudden bitterness between Lord Mervyn and Cedric, who had heretofore been friends, despite the feud between the houses; but I am glad to say that that part of the inquiry was not pressed."

"I do not understand your meaning."

"You do not know who is credited with being the unconscious cause of this bitter quarrel?"

"No."

"I am glad you do not, my dear. Take my advice, and remain in ignorance. The strivings of jealousy have never made a part of your poor young life."

Corona's face suddenly flamed. Her guardian's look, rather than his words, showed his meaning to her. A gleam of passionate anger showed in her dark eyes.

"How dare you speak so, Mr. Vansittart? How dare you imply that there was any illwill existing between Lord Mervyn and Cedric Musgrave on my account? If you know as much as you profess to do, you surely know that since our engagement took place, Lord Mervyn has been our kindest friend. It is wicked—slanderous—to speak so."

"I only repeat the talk of the place. I do not set up for a judge."

"The talk of the place?"

"Yes, Corona, it is that, whether it is agreeable to you or not. It is supposed that you are the cause of the quarrel—the quarrel which ended the other night in murder."

"It is false!"

"I hope and trust it is. My dear girl, I am truly sorry for you. I know how sore your heart is. I want to ask you if this place has grown painful to you? Would you like to leave it, to go far away where you will lose sight of everything that can remind you of the past, and can begin life fresh over again? Of course I know how terribly painful all this must be, and I wish to act for your best interests. I cannot imagine anything more truly sad than the rupture of a love such as yours has been. Corona, my heart bleeds for you."

She had risen in speaking her last words, now she stepped back a pace, regarding him fixedly.

"I think I do not altogether understand you—to what rupture do you refer?"

"My dear, do you not see?—to that of your engagement with young Musgrave."

"Excuse me, but that is not broken off. We are still engaged. When he comes back and clears himself I shall marry him."

"Corona, my poor child, do not buoy yourself up with false hopes. Your loving trust is both natural and beautiful, but it is useless to blind your eyes to facts. Cedric Musgrave has been guilty of a great crime. You can never marry a murderer."

"Cedric is not a murderer."

"Then let him come forward and clear himself—would to Heaven he could."

"Probably he will—when he is permitted." The words were spoken with a deliberation of purpose that caused the plotter an uneasy start; but he could read no confirmation of his vague fears in Corona's steady glance.

"I do not blame you, my dear, for your faith in him; but it will come to you in time that it is better to be brave and accept the inevitable, and tear the idol from its throne. It will be a hard wrench, but it will bring its own reward. When the thing is once done, you will be able to look calmly, if not cheerfully, upon life again."

Very straight and stern stood Corona; he almost quailed beneath her glance.

"Mr. Vansittart, I shall never believe in Cedric's guilt till I hear it from his own lips or see it in his own hand. Even then I should love him, for I know his noble nature; and if (which I can never really believe) stung to sudden madness he committed some deed of headstrong violence, of which he must bitterly repent, it would not kill my love—for that is eternal—though perhaps it would make me feel what I ought not to. But it can never be. We are talking of impossibilities. Cedric a murderer! Impossible! And Lord Mervyn was his best and truest friend!"

"Till they quarrelled, you mean. If you know more of life you would know——"

"Spare your words. They are worse than useless. I know Cedric, and you do not."

"Poor child, I will not press you. Time will show that your lover has vanished for ever—"

She raised her head, and the gesture was so commanding that it stayed his further words.

"If that be so—it he does not return—it will not prove his guilt. It will only prove that he too has been a victim to this vile plot."

Mr. Vansittart found it rather hard to restrain a start.

"A victim—I fail to grasp your meaning, my dear. Have you read the evidence?"

"Yes; and it is all made to sound very plausible to those who do not know Cedric as I do. But there is one explanation no one has hit upon—that the murder was committed by the fierce people who have so long been threatening Lord Mervyn's life, and that Cedric was struck down defending his friend, and was made away with, so that the guilt might seem to be with him. Oh, if I had been there!"

Mr. Vansittart smiled, though his lips looked blue and thin.

"My love, it is not the business of the authorities to listen to any pretty little theories without one shred of evidence to uphold them. It is creditable to you that you should be willing to deal in impossibilities rather than to distrust when you love; but facts are stern things, and men are guided by them, not by fancies."

I think we have discussed this long enough," said Corona, rising to the door; and as she passed out Miss Vansittart came in.

"Well, Andrew, have you got much out of her?"

"A good deal; but not exactly what I expected."

"Is she going to prove obstinate?"

"I fear so; but we will master her yet. She is more deeply in love than I credited; but there is yet a way."

"I told you she would be stubborn."

"You did; then delicate young creatures are strangely self-willed. Well, we must conquer her."

"If you can."

"If we can, I said, my dear Pauline. If you carry back your recollections to the past, you will remember that we were not successful in our last undertaking of the kind. You showed much talent then—let us hope that your skill has not deserted you."

Miss Vansittart answered not a word. Her grim face moved not a muscle as she turned away and vanished as noiselessly as she had appeared.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CAPTIVE.

Cedric Musgrave opened his eyes after what had seemed like a long troubled dream, full of misery and oppression, to find himself in a low-ceiled room perfectly strange to him, with two dormer windows opposite, that looked straight out upon a brick wall not three yards away; and though he could not catch a glimpse of the sky the lightness of the room gave him the impression of its being high up in some building.

The furniture of the place was poor, and all that could be said in favor of the pallet bed in which he lay, was that it was clean.

Cedric looked about him with dim, uncertain glances, not knowing in the least what had befallen him, and unable to hazard a conjecture as to the nature of the place in which he found himself.

All he did know, in fact, was that he must be ill. A leaden weight of weakness seemed to press him down with an iron hand; and such a load lay upon his chest that every breath was drawn with pain.

For awhile he did not trouble his tired head to think or wonder at all. He lay with half-closed eyes letting his thoughts flit hither and thither as they would. But slowly and gradually he remembered how strange it was to be lying alone and untended in this strange place, when his condition seemed such as to require some kind of care and nursing. He roused himself in a hazy way if he could by chance have been knocked down in the street of some strange place and have been taken to the nearest house till he could give some account of himself. He began, little by little, to have a clearer perception of his own identity, yet the more he recollected his true position, the more he dreaded did he become as to his present surroundings.

He tried to speak, to call, in case anyone might be within hearing, but the effort brought with it such a sharp thrill of pain that he desisted with an inarticulate cry. The effort brought on a desire to cough that hurt him yet more, and he sank back into semi-consciousness without having made any discovery that could throw light upon the present situation.

When he next roused, the dreams of outward impressions he was not alone. A dark-faced man, with whose face he seemed familiar, though he could not say where or how he had seen him before, was standing beside him, with a basin of something steaming in his hands.

As soon as the patient's eyes unclosed he proceeded to raise him up slightly in bed and feed him, not urgently, with the soup that his basin contained; but all was done in perfect silence.

Cedric, who felt stronger when the much-needed nourishment had been administered, thanked his saturnine attendant, and asked where he was; but the man made no reply, did not even appear to hear that he was addressed, and when Cedric laid his hand on the sleeve and repeated his inquiry more earnestly the answer was only a shake of the head, as the man moved noiselessly away.

Left once more to solitude and perplexity, but now with more energy and life in his system, Cedric tried to recall what had happened, and to make out why it was that he found himself in this strange place.

Bit by bit he traced the occurrences of the past days of his uneventful life. He recalled Jock's accident; the quarrel with Mervyn over the billiard table; their meeting in the solitary cottage afterwards.

Yet with all this return of memory, the perplexity of his own position remained unchanged. How he could have got into this strange place, and where he was, and the dark face of the silent servant, he could not imagine. He looked about for a bell, but none was to be seen. He was impatient and restless, a vague sense of dread coming over him which he strove to fight down, or at least to hold in check.

He could see that he had been wounded. He felt as weak as a child, and his chest was bandaged, and he knew that he had received an injury that had done something unusual to him, for he could only breathe with difficulty and pain. But why was he not at home? Why had there not family faces about him? He began to wonder at last if he might not still be in the delirium of fever.

Presently a door at the end of the room opened very softly, and to his immense astonishment Cedric beheld the pale, smooth face and small light figure of Mr. Vansittart.

Now surely he was dreaming! The whole thing was a palpable absurdity. Cedric shook his head as if to clear away the mists of fancy, shut his eyes and opened them again, still he met the strange, sinister smile bent upon him by Corona's guardian.

Cedric gave up the attempt to unravel the tangle, and waited quietly to see what was to be the end of the visitor.

Mr. Vansittart slowly advanced towards the bed, and placed his fingers with a professional air upon the patient's wrist.

"Ah, my young friend, I am glad to find you somewhat better. So you have recovered your senses at last. That is very well."

"Where am I?" asked Cedric, shrinking instinctively either from the touch of the hand or the look in the elder man's eyes, he hardly knew which.

"I do not know what you are talking about."

"No. Possibly your memory is still impaired by recent occurrences. But it will all come back to you in time. Still you need have no anxiety; you are in safe hiding."

"Hiding! I want no hiding."

"You would not say so if you knew the hue and cry now being made after you——"

"Hue and cry after me? Why here I am to answer for myself."

"You had better not excite yourself, my dear young friend. And you need not trouble to wear the mask before me. I know all about your share in the affair, the tragedy, and I have come forward to stand your friend."

"Will you explain your meaning a little more clearly? Do you mean that I am accused of any crime?"

"You are indicted for the crime of wilful murder. A warrant of arrest is out against you."

Cedric's head seemed to spin; the only thing which gave him strength to wrestle with the terrible sense of helpless misery which surged over him was his intense dislike of the man before him. Might it not all be part of a vile plot?

With a great effort he rallied his forces, and asked, "What murder? Who is murdered? You are talking in riddles still!"

"Your wounded friend is quite safe."

"Mervyn! Assault!—terminate fatally—what in Heaven's name do you mean?"

"I mean that Lord Mervyn is now lying between life and death, as the result of the blow dealt him by you; and that his servant was found stone dead where you left him."

"I never even saw him. Adams! Was he there too? Oh, if Mervyn had told me that!"

"As your physician, young man, as well as your friend, I cannot allow you to excite yourself. Your own condition is somewhat critical, and I must lay an embargo upon further conversation. When you are able to read you shall see a full account of the proceedings. At present you must keep quiet. You are quite safe from pursuit, though all the country will remember that we were unsuccessful in our last undertaking of the kind. You showed much talent then—let us hope that your skill has not deserted you."

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"Your wounded friend is

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VIOLET MAKES A FLANK MOVEMENT.

Wilhelm Mencke strode forward, lifted the unconscious girl, and laid her upon the bed; then taking a seat near his wife, he remarked, in an indifferent tone:

"She'll do well enough. Let her come to by herself; I wish to talk with you."

Mrs. Mencke cast an anxious glance at Violet. Common humanity and her own conscience prompted her to go to her assistance; but her husband, seeing the look, said, peremptorily:

"Sit still! She will come to no harm for a few moments, and I don't want her to hear what I have to say. You know—she has told you about this property that Jonas Huntington has left her!"

"I know that he has left her something," Mrs. Mencke briefly returned.

"Something!" It is a matter of a hundred thousand, or more."

"So much!"

"Yes; and if we manage things shrewdly, we can retrieve our own fortunes by means of it."

"How?"

"I want you to go to Cincinnati and claim this property. The lawyer with whom I have been corresponding is satisfied that you are the next of kin, since everybody believed her with a gesture indicating Violet—"to be dead. Of course he doesn't know anything about that early adoption, and it isn't likely that we are going to spread our prospects by enlightening him. I've been trying to get hold of the money myself; I didn't know whether you were living or dead, and I thought I might as well try for it; but old Middleton knows what he is about, and wrote that there was no chance for me without positive proof of your death.

"Well?" inquired Mrs. Mencke, as he paused.

"Well, as I have said, you must go to Cincinnati at once—to-night, if possible. You will have no difficulty in proving your identity, and the property will immediately be transferred to you. You will then come back as soon as possible, rejoin me here—

"And give you the privilege of squandering another fortune for me?" interposed Mrs. Mencke, with bitter sarcasm. "Not if I know it, Wilhelm Mencke. Not one dollar of this money shall you handle! You have wasted enough."

"I have been recklessly lavish, I admit, Belle; but I am ready to turn over a new leaf now," the man returned, with an appearance of sincerity.

"I hope you are," his wife retorted, sharply; "but you'll have to begin upon your own account, for you will never get any of Jonas Huntington's money through me."

The man smiled, with an air of superiority.

"We must go shares in this scheme, Belle," he returned, with cool assurance.

"No, sir!" she answered, with cold decision.

"Then you'll get none of it yourself," he retorted.

"How so?" Mrs. Mencke inquired, with a startled look.

"Because, if you thwart me, all I've got to do is to take Violet's side—reveal the fact that she lives; then she'll get her own, and you are as badly off as ever," he calmly replied.

"It is a shame that it should all have been left to her!" said Mrs. Mencke, sullenly, but evidently impressed that her husband had the best of the argument.

"Well, under the circumstances, I don't know as you have a right to say that," Mr. Mencke replied; "for Jonas Huntington knew, if no one else is aware of the fact, that none of the Huntington blood flows in your veins. Now, if you are sensible, you will do just as I direct; and as soon as you rejoin me here, we will skip for Canada, taking Violet with us, of course, for at present it will not do to let any one know that she is living."

"Do you realize that what you propose is a State-prison crime?" demanded Mrs. Mencke.

"I can't help it. I've got to that state of desperation that I am ready for almost any thing," Wilhelm Mencke sullenly vouchsafed. "But," he added, "once in Canada, we shall be safe enough. This money will give me a splendid start—I will go into the brewing business—and just as soon as I can turn myself, I will, if possible, restore to Violet all that rightly belongs to her, and then the story of how she happens to be living can come out, for all I care."

The woman bent her head in thought.

His proposition was a strong temptation, for she had been nearly crushed by her recent misfortune.

All her life, until this last year, she had lived amid luxury, and had been a leader in the best society in Cincinnati, and it had galled her proud spirit beyond expression to drop into obscurity as she had been obliged to do—hiding her head with shame, because of her poverty and the desertion of her husband, although this latter fact had not been known among her former friends.

Now if her husband could have the use of this money for a little while, he might be able to retrieve their fallen fortunes, and then she could resume her former position.

Still conscience was not quite dead; she had been fond and proud of Violet, in her own way, in the old days, and she had never been able to forget how she had wronged her in the past; consequently she shrank from sinking still deeper in the mire of sin and depravity.

But the possibility of a return to her former brilliant life was very alluring, and then Wilhelm promised to do the right thing—it would be only for a little while that she would have to keep on doing wrong—she would be helping her husband to a more prosperous condition also, the end would justify the means and so, smothering the voice of conscience, she resolved that she would help him to carry out his scheme.

"Will you go, Belle?" her husband asked, interrupting her musings with some impatience.

"Yes."

His face lighted up with a look of triumph.

"To-night?"

"Yes. But what will you do with her meanwhile?" she asked, glancing toward the bed.

"I will take the best of care of her until you return—she shall not escape me again," he answered, in a resolute tone.

"You will not harm her!"

"No, no. I will only see that she does not get away to upset all our plans," he replied.

"All right, then I will go and rest easy. Now that is settled and I can attend to Violet—it will not do to let her lie there unconscious any longer."

She arose and went to the bed, as she spoke, but Violet was already beginning to recover from her swoon.

Mrs. Mencke prepared a stimulating drink for her and she was soon able to sit up, while she did not appear to be very much the worse for the shock she had sustained, though she was still very pale.

Mrs. Mencke began immediately to make preparations for her departure, although she did not mention her intention in Violet's presence.

The young girl silently watched her every movement.

She well understood what was going on, and though she was secretly very much disheartened by being again thrown into Wilhelm Mencke's power, and the knowledge that his wife was also working against her, she resolved to keep her wits upon the alert, and try to find some way to communicate her situation to the outside world.

Mrs. Mencke finally told her that she was going away for a little while.

"I shall not be gone more than a week, Vio," she remarked, reassuringly, as she saw how very white she had grown, "and you will be kindly cared for during my absence."

"Kindly cared for," Violet repeated, with bitter emphasis.

"Well, you shall be well cared for, then," the woman said, flushing. "You shall have plenty to eat, and, if you need clothing, you can help yourself to anything that is here."

"How do you expect all this plotting of yours is to end?" Violet questioned, gravely.

"I hope for the benefit of us all," Mrs. Mencke responded, with assumed cheerfulness.

"I think you will find yourself terribly mistaken," Violet returned, sternly, "for I warn you that I have borne all that I ever shall from either of you. I shall not tamely submit to such treatment any longer."

"Tamely or otherwise, you shall be obliged to submit for a while longer," Mrs. Mencke retorted, sharply, as she left the room to go to the attic for the purpose of packing her trunk.

"Wilhelm," Violet said, rising and seeing the man, as his wife vanished, "I shall not remain here with you while Belle is away—I will not tolerate your presence for a single hour."

"How are you going to help yourself, Miss Independence?" he demanded, with a leer.

"I will help it," she said, spiritedly. "This is not an empty house—there are people downstairs, and I warn you that I shall make such a disturbance as will cause them to make inquiries regarding the occupants of this room."

Mr. Mencke looked alarmed at this threat.

He knew that she could make no end of trouble for him if she set about it and he wished that he had her back in her old quarters, where Sarah could keep her in sight; the prospect of a week of perpetual vigilance had no charms for him.

"What is the pleasure then of your royal highness?" he demanded, with an oath.

"If I must stay here, I want you to send Sarah to me," Violet replied.

"Yes, and let you outwit her again," he sneered.

"Sarah was in no way responsible for my escape—she was faithful to you—I could not even bribe her."

"Then you tried that game, did you?" the man interrupted.

"Of course I did. I offered her every inducement that I could think of; but she had given her word to you and would not break it. She was kind to me, however, and her presence, although not especially enjoyable, was, at least, not obnoxious to me."

"You are complimentary, my fair sister," Wilhelm Mencke returned, flushing at her implied detestation of him, yet he was pleased to know that Sarah had been true to her trust.

"But," he added, fiercely, "I will run no risks with you during the coming week."

"You will send for Sarah or you will take the consequences," Violet retorted with a determination which he saw meant mischief.

"Will you go back to the other house and stay with me?"

Violet thought a moment.

"Yes," she said, at length.

"Will you promise not to try to attract any attention on the way?"

"No," she answered, resolutely. "I shall improve every opportunity to get out of your power. I shall take advantage of the slightest lack of vigilance upon your part."

Wilhelm Mencke started to his feet, his face purple with passion.

"Then, I vow, I'll bind and gag you," he cried, with an oath.

Violet saw that she was going too far—that it would not do for her to be too aggressive. She saw that he was desperate enough to do almost anything to accomplish his purpose, and it would be terrible to be bound hand and foot and gagged.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself.

The letter which she had written to Mr. Lawrence that morning was still in her pocket and unsealed. If she could only manage to add a little to it and get it to him, she knew that he would at once hasten to her relief. But how to accomplish this was more than she could at present plan to do.

While she was considering this perplexing difficulty Mrs. Mencke returned from her visit to the attic.

"You'll have to bring the trunk down for me, Wilhelm," she said. "It is not a large one, but it is too much for me to manage."

"Why do you want to take a trunk!" he demanded, gruffly. "The less baggage you hamper yourself with the better it will be for you."

"You don't suppose I am going back to Cincinnati unless I can have some decent clothes to wear, I hope. I intend to stop at ——House and live in style while I am there, or else I shall not go at all," his wife returned, loftily.

"Who will supply the money for so much style?" he asked.

"You, of course, until I can get what I go after."

He saw that she was determined to have her own way, and with a muttered imprecation upon the vanity of women in general, he started to go up after the trunk.

He turned back, however, upon reaching the first stair.

"Look out for that little cat," he said, scowling at Violet, "she is all ready for a spring, and every claw is sharpened."

"I'll see to her," was the assuring response; then turning to Violet, the woman said crossly, "Why can't you be reasonable? Everything shall be made all right with you, if you will only have patience."

Violet did not reply, but, taking up a book that lay upon the table, pretended to read while Mrs. Mencke continued the preparations for her journey.

The young girl had a pencil in her pocket, and drawing this forth, she managed to write on a fly leaf of the book:

"Am in trouble again. Come at once to a corner house on —— street; don't know the name of the other street, or the number of the house. South side of street—second storey; windows small, with panes of glass; three flower pots on the window sill. Hurry. VIOLET."

Stealthily tearing this out, she folded it and tucked it into the envelope which inclosed the letter to Mr. Lawrence.

Mr. Mencke meanwhile had come down with the trunk.

"I know what I am going to do," he remarked, as he set down, while a cruel expression had settled about his mouth. "I am going to take Violet back to the other house. I shall not feel safe a minute with her here."

Violet looked up at him curiously as he said this.

"You think you will have a chance to scare up somebody to rescue you, I suppose," he said, observing the look and chuckling, "but you don't. I'm going to take Belle's Saratoga trunk—it's a small ark—bore some holes in the top, clap you in it, and, when the carriage comes for Belle, take you down stairs and just give you a little chloroform first to keep you quiet."

Violet turned sick and faint over this horrible plan.

"You dare not do such a brutal thing!" she cried.

"I dare do anything to keep you quiet for a week," he fiercely retorted.

"I will give up," Violet said, in a tone of despair. "Send for Sarah, and I promise I will make no disturbance until Belle gets back."

"Honor bright?"

"I have given my word," Violet returned haughtily.

"And you will make no effort to get away?"

"I will not promise you that. If Sarah gives me a chance, whether I am here or elsewhere, I shall not neglect it, you may be very sure," she returned, showing her claws again.

"Go for the woman, Wilhelm; Violet will be as safe here as there, if she will keep quiet, and I do not like to leave my rooms alone," Mrs. Mencke here interposed.

Her husband looked undecided for a moment, then he turned and left the room.

Violet breathed more freely the moment the door closed after him; now if she could but get a chance to open the window and throw her letter out to some passerby, she believed that she would soon be free.

When Mrs. Mencke's back was turned, she stealthily sealed it, and wrote on the outside, "*Important—Deliver Immediately*," and kept hoping that Belle would have to go upstairs again for something, so that she could send it on its way.

But dinner time came without the desired opportunity, and after that the hours went slowly by, for Violet was so indignant with her companion that she would not talk, and both were far from feeling comfortable.

At last Mrs. Mencke began to put on her hat and wraps, for she was to leave on the four o'clock express going West, while she was beginning to feel quite anxious for the return of her husband and the woman who was to guard Violet.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she was drawing on her gloves, "I have forgotten some nice things that I wanted to take with me! Come, Violet, won't you go upstairs to my leather trunk, in the room over this, and get a flat box that lies on top of the other things in it? Here are the keys; but you need not hurry to get out of the skylight, for Wilhelm has nailed it down."

Violet had heard him hammering at something up there, and surmised what he was doing.

"Why don't you go and get them yourself?" Violet asked, thinking she would thus get the desired opportunity to throw her letter from a window.

"Because, for one thing, I cannot trust you here alone, and, for another, I do not wish to soil my skirts by going up and down those dusty stairs," Mrs. Mencke replied.

Violet saw that she would gain nothing by refusing to comply with her request, so she took the keys and slowly ascended the stairs to the attic.

She found the trunk, and had just unlocked it, when she thought she heard a step above her on the roof.

Her heart leaped into her throat with sudden hope, for doubtless some one was there if her hammering out or taking in clothes.

She knew that there was a pane of glass broken out of the skylight. Perhaps she could attract the attention of whoever was there, and thus send her letter to Mr. Lawrence.

She stole swiftly but noiselessly up to the scuttle, thrust her hand through the broken pane and tapped upon the roof.

The steps ceased for a moment, then they seemed to come toward her, and presently the sunburned face of a young Irish girl looked down upon her.

"Hush!" whispered Violet, at the same time making eager signs for her to keep still.

"Whisht is it?" asked the girl, speaking low. "All right, mavourneen."

"Will you do me a favor, and not let a soul know anything about it, if I will give you a dollar?" Violet asked, in rapid tones.

"Sure, I will, miss, and mighty glad of the dollar, too, I'm poorer nor I look."

Violet hurriedly took the letter from her pocket, and a dollar from her purse, and thrust them through the aperture with the words:

"Mall this letter for me at once, and don't let anybody see you do it. Here's your dollar, and I will give you five more when I get an answer. What's your name?"

"Jane McCarty, miss, and I live just next door," said the girl, as she took the letter and money and concealed them in her pocket.

"I will remember," said Violet. "Now go quick—quick!"

She did not wait for a reply, but flew back to the leather trunk, seized the box of handkerchiefs, relocked the trunk, and then went slowly down the stairs, trying to still the rapid beating of her heart, and to appear as if nothing unusual had happened.

"What kept you so long?" Mrs. Mencke demanded, suspiciously, when she made her appearance in the room below.

"Was I long?" Violet asked, indifferently. "You should oil the lock to that trunk, Belle, and then it would turn more easily."

She picked up her book and sat down as if to read again, but the words danced before her eyes, while she grew so faint and sick that she feared she would fall from her chair. But she gradually gained control of herself, and Mrs. Mencke did not dream of the flank movement which her victim had made during that brief interval of less than five minutes.

Wilhelm Mencke entered soon after, and he was accompanied by Sarah, and then Mrs. Mencke took her departure, bidding Violet a brief good-bye without offering her customary caress, for which the young girl was thankful.

(To be Continued.)

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" Saturday Night Office.)

PATRICIA.—You are courageous, self-reliant, a little vain, original, self-willed and merry.

COURTNEY MAIDEN.—You are gentle in disposition, too indecisive, very modest and inclined to be jealous.

ZENAIDE.—In this writing I see perseverance, decision, good intuitive perception and a genial temperament.

DECEIVED.—Very decisive, sincerity, power of endurance and much independence of thought are shown in your writing.

AVON.—Impulse, determination, a slight inclination to dependency, and decided originality are shown in this writing.

NANON.—You are probably orderly, rather sympathetic, ambitious, persevering at intervals, a little vain, but thoughtful for others.

STUDENT.—Your letter must have miscarried. You are decided, self-reliant, self-conferring, ambitious, uncontentious, practical and original.

FERN.—May 30, 1860, fell on a Saturday. Your writing shows perseverance, good intuitive perception and executive ability and much kindliness of heart.

ARO N.—Executors can claim five per cent. for the administration of an estate, but they rarely do. In this writing shows reserve, timidity, some selfishness, carelessness and freedom from ostentation.

LIL.—What did you mean by that naughty little question—mark? Do not question it, I beg of you. Thank you for your kind Christmas wishes. This writing shows tact, resolution, self-will, some inclination to self-assertion and a very sensitive disposition.

CYRUS.—You are very ambitious, very ostentatious, spasmodically energetic, fond of luxury and society. You mean to be sincere, but are too communicative for your own good. The in-loned exhibits, ambition, perseverance, resolution, selfishness and self-will.

GLADYS TREVALYN.—Don't be ambitious in the direction you name. It is "hollow, hollow, hollow," and you will find more real happiness in a quiet home life with someone whom you love very dearly. You are too impulsive, too friend, but very sincere. You are self-willed, impulsive, hasty tempered and generous.

EMMA.—Your letter was laid aside that I might find out for you about the book. I think you will get it at any large book store here, and if it is not in stock you can order it through them. Your writing shows vanity, generosity, method, resolution, vivacity and some self-assertion. Am sending you a copy of the paper.

ROYAL TORY.—The author of In Exchange for a Soul is Mary Linskill. 2 Some wise woman remarked not long since: "The girl who flirts is taking desperate chances of becoming an old maid. Somehow I believe she must be right. Hadn't you better govern yourself accordingly. 3 Any trifling article, not of a personal nature. 4 If the acquaintance is of long standing, I see no impropriety.

THE GIRLIE.—The faces in the photographs are too small and so indistinct that it would be useless for me to try and read them. If you send the larger ones I will do my best with them. No. 1. Originality, merriment self-will, artistic taste and a fair degree of content are shown in this writing. No. 2 This writing exhibits ambition, fondness for ostentation, some selfishness and a good deal of push and energy.

A CARELESS IMP.—What a naughty name you chose. Change it when you write again—won't you? Your writing shows a merry disposition, brilliance, yet gentleness of manner, impulsiveness and vivacity. Regarding the question you asked, I can only say, do not allow it, unless he thoroughly understands your feelings. Write us again, and ask all those other questions of which you spoke in your letter.

FRESNA.—Address him without the title of respect. It is not proper to combine the titles. 2. Serve the ladies first. Pericles was an Athenian woman, so wealthy that she offered to rebuild the walls of Thebes, which Alexander had razed, if she would be permitted to engrave a certain inscription upon the gates. This writing indicates candor, conscientiousness, generosity, resolution and a sympathetic heart.

GIP.—Many thanks for your delightful letter. Your dear old city must be very merry now, for it is always gayer in the colder weather. I wish I could be with you, Gip, I hope, a little unfortunate, but the columns are very much crowded just now. Your writing shows a fastidious taste, with strong resolution, splendid powers of concentration, much independence of thought and candor. Will you write me again, sometime?

KATAKA.—Hallowe'en is the night before All Saints' day, and is an old Celtic feast day. The summer festival fell on May 1, and the winter one on November 1. Fairies were supposed to have especial license upon these occasions and hence the pranks played, and the strange divinations resorted to in order to merit the divination of the witches. Your writing shows much independence of thought, method, some selfishness and self-esteem.

PANSY BLOSSOM.—You dear inquisitive little mortal! of course I get tired of reading letters, but then some, you must remember, are nice ones, and I prize them like bonbons mixed in with empty nut shells, and so on the whole I rather enjoy it, you know. The quotation is from Pope's Essay on Man, and gives thus:

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella."

Your writing indicates vivacity, loquacity, spasmodic energy, carelessness, flippancy, good-nature and a happy disposition.

LETHE.—Your letter has lain unanswered for a long time, but will you pardon me. I laid it aside for reference and it has slipped out of the latest sheet and has been waiting in turn. Hermione was a beautiful woman, the daughter of Menelaus and Helen. She was betrothed to her first cousin Orestes, but afterwards gave her hand to Neoptolemus. Orestes revenged himself upon the latter, and brought on a war in which Neoptolemus was slain, and Hermione married her first lover. Your writing displays independence of thought, good practical ability, resolution, a certain brusquenessof manner, strong affection and generosity.

ALLEEN ARDON.—A lady and gentleman should not allow themselves to be considered them as a separate had friends. That is simply pettishness and very childish. It goes on this plan: "I ain't going to speak to you again, so there!" In case of a reconciliation you know it is always the most sensible who makes an advance. Now, as to that other matter, let me strongly advise you to follow the dictates of your own good sense. It would be intolerable to the wife of a man whom you thought did not care for you. You would be much wiser to marry the good man whom love is yours and whom you trust so fully. Your writing shows ambition, irritability, self-reliance, self-will, energy and candor. Many thanks for your kind words. Will you write me again sometime?

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Easy and Other Chairs
Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture
These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.
WELLINGTON STOTT
170 King Street West - Toronto

Evening Up.

A well-dressed but impecunious individual entered a not very pretentious looking restaurant on Christmas Day, and, marshalling all the dignity he could, ordered the waiter to place his best Christmas dinner before him. He ate ravenously, and every once in a while cast furtive glances at the door, as if calculating how many steps it would take to get outside of it.

After partaking of his meal, he walked to the cashier's desk with the air of a millionaire, and, placing a ten-dollar Confederate note before the eyes of the astonished clerk, said:

"Change, please."

"Why, that's no good, said the cashier.

"Well, neither was the dinner," answered the well-dressed but impecunious individual, who, with a hop, skip and a jump went into the outer air and was lost to sight for evermore!

Mistaken Idea.

Salesman (at holsery department, loftily)—Of course, if the manager says for me to take goods back, I'll take them.

Customer—You'll take them back if he says so?

"Certainly, sir."

"You will be governed by what that plain little man in black says?"

"Of course. Why not, sir?"

"I thought you owned the store."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

National Prejudice.

Eminent Surgeon (to patient suffering from bad case of necrosis)—I have brought the dog, my friend. We will now prepare for the operation of uniting the bone of his leg with the bone in yours.

Patient—Vot kindt of a tawg you haf got?

"An Irish setter."

"Dake id avay!"—*N. Y. Mercury.*

The Other Kind.

Gentleman (to applicant for assistance): Out of work, eh? How's that?

Applicant: Through a shtrike, sorr.

Gentleman: What did you strike for?

Applicant: The foreman called me a blockhead, so I shtruck him on the nose, an' was dismissed.

Matrimony.

It has been remarked that, in general, persons choose to unite themselves in matrimony to a partner the most opposite in every point, moral and physical. Generally speaking, indeed, it seems as if every man, upon intimate acquaintance, became heartily sick of his own self, and married a person as unlike the disagreeable original as possible.

How Lemaitre Acted.

Alphonse Daudet relates the following anecdote of the great French actor, Frederic Lemaitre: Lemaitre was coaching Lafontaine for a particular character. During one of their lessons, after a performance at the theater, Lemaitre said to his pupil and friend: "Let us suppose you are a petty official in comfortable circumstances. You have been married for three years. To day is the birthday of the wife you adore. She has gone out and you are utilizing the time of her absence in arranging a few delightful surprises for her—a bouquet, a present and a supper, like ours, here. Suddenly, while you are busied with your preparations, you come unexpectedly upon a letter that tells you she has dishonored and deceived you. Now then, endeavor to make me weep."

Lafontaine begins. He tidily spreads the tablecloth, and with a happy smile on his face he sets the bouquet on the table. He pictures to himself the pleasure which his well-beloved wife will manifest when she discovers what has been his occupation during her outing. In a moment of impatience he opens a bureau drawer in which is hidden his present, and there comes upon the fatal letter. He simulates a cry of agony, and, proud of his acting, turns to the master for a sign of encouragement. To his utter astonishment he hears these words:

"What! You love your wife above everything else in the world, believe in her implicitly, yet at the first bit of paper that falls into your hands you are ready to convict her! Silence! Sit down there and see how I will swallow the pill."

Then Lemaitre began. He opens the bureau drawer. "Ah! a letter——" He turns it over several times, scans the contents without appearing to comprehend their import, tosses the letter back into the drawer and continues to arrange the supper table.

"And yet it is singular—this letter." Again he takes it in hand, reads it once more, shrugs his shoulders, and tosses it on the table.

"Nonsense! This is untrue—it is impossible—she will explain everything to me when she comes in."

But now his hand shakes when he resumes his work at the table things. His eyes are riveted to the letter—that terrible letter. At last he can no longer endure it. He must read it again. And this time he comprehends only too fully! The blood rushes to his heart. He appears to suffocate. He falls back into a chair and gasps!

This is the kind of study of details that (other faculties being equal) make great actors. It furthermore examplifies the world-old axiom that there is no excellence without great labor. No writer ever writes his best with ease; nor does any actor come to high achievement in his art by reckless jumping at effects. This story about Lemaitre and Lafontaine should be read by every actor that lives. It is stuffed to bursting with useful suggestions.

Family Manners.

"There is an artistry of life as well as of literature."

The virtues are of various sizes. There are big heroic virtues, to which youth is forever leaping; and there are little virtues, which do not make much showing in our private Book of Martyrs. To the latter class belongs the virtue of politeness.

Some will even deny that it is a virtue. We all know the man who cares for nothing under heaven but Truth—spelt always with a capital T; who looks upon fine manners as he would look upon the seductions of the Sirens; who tramps his way through society, positive, self-assertive, leaving a track of disconsolate up to his own house door; from behind which we hear his characteristic remark: "My dear, I'm not scolding. I'm just telling you."

Good man! it is only that he lacks the sixth, saving sense of the artistry of life. It is a sense which should awake with the rest of the senses—in childhood. The manners one attempts to put on in after-life are apt to fit as illy as the ploughman's Sunday suit. Worst of all, they leave one at the mercy of traitorous memory.

We remember a young woman who had grown up in a wealthy but uncultivated home. She was talented and noble-hearted. But many kind-hly people were forced to say of her, "She is not a lady." She herself confessed it one day in a passionate outburst. "I know I'm rude, but I can't help it. I never was taught to be polite at home, and now to remember what I ought and ought not to do is as difficult as walking on ice. When I'm excited I'm sure to say or do something which shocks the very people I care most for, and they give me the cold shoulder, and take up with girls who I know are inferior." And the worst of it is, it was all true.

The thousand and one points of common good-breeding which children acquire in a well-ordered, gracious home, under the eye of a winning mother—to be gentle of manner; to walk, stand, and sit gracefully; not to fidget, grimace, yawn; in conversation to use low and pleasant tones; not to interrupt or contradict or brag; not to assert too strongly or laugh too loudly—all this comes to the children, if at times slowly, still assuredly. Their minds open to the beauty of gentle, graceful living as naturally as to the beauty of the works of art upon their walls.

If it were not so, if fine manners could be taught to children only by constant nagging, we might well prefer that the poor innocents should be left to their ignorance and their bliss. What is demanded is the lifting of the whole family life to a high level; and then the adoption of Froebel's noble motto, "Come and let us live with our children."

Hence it is that parents who have a code of company manners, and who are more shocked at some excrescence of animal spirits in the parlor than at the breaking of all the decalogue in the nursery, do not find the family growth in politeness satisfactory. And we shall be likely to hear them, a little later on, lamenting the ways of their careless girls and rough boys, and settling into the belief that the boys, at least, are by nature incorrigibly rude, fit only to be kept out of sight until they assume responsibility for themselves.

Your mother is not given to worrying over trifles. She does not expect perfection in a day. And she has put from her, as far as the east is from the west, the ghastly possibility of setting vanity up in the room of love. So she does not begin with exhaustive attention to the minutiæ of etiquette, knowing that way lies the danger of making her boys prigs and her girls self-conscious society misses before they are in their teens. She lays down, as the law of her household, the broad principles of respect for elders, reverence for women, kindliness for all; and she permeates the home atmosphere with her finest conceptions of the deference and the sympathy due from soul to soul.

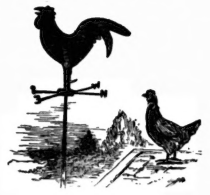
Her children very early delight to place a chair for grandmother, and to save father steps. They learn to be proud of that restraint which enables them to keep self in the back ground, and to defer to brother and sister. It never enters their heads that servants are less worthy of respect than other people. They are as unabashed in the presence of wealth and power as they are tender toward suffering and poverty. When she teaches them from time to time her code of manners—and she is careful to prefect it according to her best judgment—she teaches it for home use, and it becomes fixed by becoming natural.

Thus, over and above all formal rules, untrammelled by them, developing an individuality which is its own badge of distinction, there come to such a brood of girls and gentle boys a feeling for the charm of life and a sweet humanity, that blossom spontaneously into

"noble manners, or the flower
And perfect fruit of noble mind."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Love's Labor Lost.



"I've been standing here for an hour or more trying to mash that rooster, and he doesn't deign to take the slightest notice of me!"—*Life.*

Her Majesty the Cook.

Lady—And so you left your last situation through having words with your mistress?

Swell Cook—Well, 'm, not words—not actuchly what you might call words, 'm. I on'y spoke to 'er as one lady might to another.

A Predestined Pessimist.

Miss Battersley (complaining spinster)—I will be obliged to go there soon; what sort of a country is it—wretched, I suppose?

Mr. Patterson—Why, it's a land flowing with milk and honey."

Miss Battersley—How dreadfully bad the flies must be there—*Judge.*

Twue.

Fassett—What! Wearing evening dress this time of day! Why, it's only one o'clock.

Cholly Cholmondeley—Aw, but it is six in London, doncherknow.—*Jeweler's Circular.*

A Whopper.

Dapper—What is the greatest lie, Snapper, that ever expressed itself in your experience?

Snapper—Well, by all odds, the worst lie I ever heard was the one your quartet perpetrated last night when they came round to the house and sang "There's music in the air."—*Boston Courier.*

Read This.

Society would be vastly the gainer if the following thought of Edwin Atkinson could be utilized. Said he: "There are two things needed in these days: First, for rich men to find out how poor men live, and second, for poor men to know how rich men work."

From the Lips of Experience.

"I feel now quite satisfied that there is no life so happy as a married one."

"And how long have you been married?"

"Since last Wednesday."—*Life.*

A Natural Influence.

He—A man who lives in the country has a chance to think.

She—You have always lived in the city, have you not?—*Munsey's Weekly.*

It Scattered Them.

Baulso—How did you manage to get though that crowd? I had to wait for half an hour.

Cumso—I was smoking that cigar you gave me.—*Life.*

He Traveled.

Unsympathetic Lady (to tramp)—Why are you tramping about in this way? Why don't you go to work?

Tramp—The doctor advised me to travel for my health, lady.

Lady—That's my advice too. Here Tige!—*Boston Herald.*

Left in Ignorance.

First Drummer—Got dinner at the Highprice House, eh? Have they good cooks there?

Second Drummer—I don't know. I forgot to fee the waiter.

Running Big Risks.

He—Will you be a sister to me?

She (indignantly)—Albert—Mr. Brown—what do you mean?

He—Er—well—it's this way, you know. I'm always expecting a contrary answer, and I thought may be you'd say: "No; but I'll be a wife!"—*Puck.*

She Wore The —!

Baggs—I hear young Sappyhedde is married. Who was best man, do you know?

Jaggs—Mrs. Sappyhedde, I suppose. I know she is now.—*Judge.*

The Reason Why.

Miss Hyser—I was encored three times, wasn't I?

Mme. Logee—Yes; the company seemed to recognize that you needed practice.

A Swiss Farming Village.

This is the subject of an article by Sophia Kirk, in the *Atlantic.* She writes: "The beautiful autumn weather will have us all day out of-doors. Early in the afternoon the Jungfrau put on its *croix federale*, the shadows of a deep hollow in its breast and of an opposite mountain meeting in a perfect cross, dark upon the brilliant snow. The sun has shifted to the westward of the high plateau, round which he seems to make a special revolution as round a little world, and the shadow lengthens in the yellowing grass. As the afternoon advances, a sort of tan spreads over the landscape. The woods glow with crimson and golden hues which blend in a rich auburn; they are less audacious in color than our New England woods, but more harmonious. Little feathers of smoke curl upward here and there from the fields where they are burning the potato vines, and a larger smoke plume ascends from an unroofed oven of stone, over which some women are drying hemp, while others are beating it with a rapid, cheerful noise, which comes pleasantly to our ears across the fields. At dusk these women go home looking like corn shocks set in motion with the hemp hanging is stiff, dun drapery from their broad shoulders. On all sides are pictures which seem to come fresh from the hand of Breton or Millet; for that poetry which is everywhere in the contact of soil and effort enfolds even our prosperous Zimmerwald peasantry, who, little as they know it, are already on canvas painted at Barbizon and in the Pas-de-Calais. In the green of the meadows—a soft, indefinite green which takes on beautiful tones at dusk—a slim girl, with skirts looped about her waist, is mowing, following in the wake of two stalwart men, laying the swaths quickly and evenly before her; then pausing—a sculpturesque figure in the gathering gloom—to whet her scythe. The hay-making was over long ago; these thick, soft swaths are for ensilage, to keep the sweetness all winter in underground furrows. Farther on, between the earth twilight and the sunset sky, a man and woman are hoeing potatoes with their heavy, deep-bladed picches, dusky silhouettes in motion against the opal light; giving their whole strength and care to a struggle with the difficult dark element below, while bathed unconsciously in the peace and radiance above. There is no Angelus to check their labors, for we are in a Protestant country, and they go on without pause into the deepening of the evening.

ALL FOR EVENING WEAR

THE BON MARCHE

Will offer on Monday morning at 10 o'clock sharp

10,000 Yards Evening Shades Dress Materials

Suitable for Balls and Parties, as described below

Evening Shades Fish Nett, price was	$1, now 25c.
Crepe Æropbanes in Evening Shades, price was	75c., now 25c.
Evening Shades Silk Finished Henriettas, price was	75c, now 50c.
China Silks, Evening Shades, price was	40c., now 25c.
Liberty Silks (extra wide) Evening Tints, price was	60c, now 30c.
Surah Silks, Evenig Shades (very wide), price was	$1.00, now 50c.
Satin Merveilleux (23 inch wide), price was	1.00, now 50c.
French Failles (best made) price was	1.50, now $1
Satin-de-Lyon, Evening Tints, price was	1.75, now $1

Evening Shades in Gloves of All Kinds and Lengths

150 French Evening Fans All Reduced to Half Price

LADIES! Observe the above list of prices for Evening Wear, and when requiring this class of goods, kindly favor us with a call.

BON MARCHE, 7 and 9 KING STREET EAST

A HAPPY SOLUTION

How would you like to give someone a handsome present, and have two years to pay for it in?

If you buy furs, or jewelry, or a horse, or furniture, or such things, it will take **CASH**, and many a man just now finds his cash account low, even though possessed of property.

Mason & Risch will help you to solve this problem. They will send you a piano, or an organ, the very best instrument obtainable, brand new, boxed and delivered, and give you two years, if you want it, to pay for it.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

MASON & RISCH

32 KING STREET WEST. 653 QUEEN STREET WEST.

Our stock of Overcoats for Children and Boys is the most complete and varied in the city. Overcoats of many fabrics, shades and styles, all well-made, perfect-fitting garments, and warranted to look well in the critical eyes of any mother who takes a pride in dressing her boys. The prices are the most moderate. When he wants his Winter Suit and Overcoat remember the money-saving place,

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of ten per cent. upon the paid-up capital stock in this institution has been declared for the current year, and that the same will be payable at the office of the Company, Adelaide Street West, on and after

Thursday, the 15th Day of January Next

The transfer books will be closed from the 5th to the 16th day of January next, both days inclusive, by order of the Board.

E. E. SHEPPARD, Manager.

Toronto, December 23, 1890.

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MATINEES—WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

Especially Important Engagement, the talented young American actress

CORA TANNER

In Martha Morton's Romantic Drama

THE REFUGEE'S DAUGHTER

An Absorbingly Interesting Play. A Company of Prominent Players. A Genuine Dramatic Surprise. Elaborate Special Scenery. Superbly Beautiful Costumes.

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(No branch academy)

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32nd Year. 16,000 Pupils

Classes for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses and Masters. Private lessons by appointment.

Observe! The perfect method, the rapid teaching, the inimitable style of dancing, the great number of dances (19) taught in one term at this academy stamps it as the leading establishment of the kind in Toronto. Prof. Davis is the only member of the National Association of Teachers of Dancing of the United States and Canada now in Toronto. See circular. Address—

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Bring the boy along and we will show something that will please you both.

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Ontario Legislature at its next session for an Act to incorporate the Ontario Co-operation of Disciples of Christ with powers for taking, holding and alienating property, real and personal.

The said Society is formed for the purpose of aiding missionary, educational and congregational efforts in connection with a body of Christians known as Disciples of Christ.

D. L. SINCLAIR,
Solicitor for the Applicants.

Dated at Toronto,
this 24th day of December, A. D. 1890.

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

TORONTO SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY

162 King Street West

The Exact Date.

Merchant's Clerk—I say, when did you fall in love with Clotilde?

Second Ditto—On the 1st of May, at 4.30 p.m.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of Toronto, which should have taken place at the Office of the Company on the Seventh day of December, 1890, was adjourned to and will take place at the Office of the Company, No. 35 Front Street East, Toronto, on MONDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF JANUARY, A D. 1891, at the hour of TWO O'CLOCK P.M. for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the confirming and adoption of the annual statements of the present directors. Also for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

R. C. WARREN, Secretary.

Denying His Identity.

The recent death in Canada of the mother of Charles M. Sterling, who was executed at Youngstown, Ohio, for the murder of Lizzie Gronbacher, has unveiled the facts concerning an incident that occurred shortly before his execution.

Sterling's mother came to Youngstown from Maxwell, Canada, and though he had left home when but a lad, with maternal intuitions she at once recognized him.

When brought to his cell, however, Sterling, without the quiver of a muscle, said to her:

"You are mistaken, madam; I am not your son."

She implored him to recognize her, but he refused, and she returned home half convinced that she was mistaken.

To his counsel Sterling said:

"She is my mother, but I could not break her heart by telling her that her son would be hung.

"Keep it secret until she dies."

Her death caused his attorney, W. S. Anderson, to break the seal of silence. "It was," he said, "the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed. I have seen all the tragedians of the past quarter of a century, but none that compared to the principals on that occasion. The mother, every line in her face showing the most intense suffering and her heart nearly broken, while the son, knowing that the truth would kill her, stood like a statue, his face showing the pallor of death, assuring her that she was mistaken. Such intensity of action was never produced on any stage. It could not be."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Honorable Amend.

Mr. Coots—Yas, yo' did!

Mr. Fenderson—Lemme up; I ain' did nuffin'.

Mr. Coots (pressing down hard)—Yas, yo' did!

Mr. Fenderson—Wha' I do?

Mr. Coots—Tole Sam Garr'son I wuz a hybrid V'ginian!

Mr. Fenderson—Fo' d' lawd! I said "high-bred."

Mr. Coots—I begs yo' pard'n.—*Judge.*

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Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

FLORAL
Bingham's
PERFUMES
100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

THOMSON—At Toronto, on December 27, Mrs. Henry Thomson—twins, boy and girl.

ARTHUR—At A'goma Mills, on December 18, Mrs R. H. Arthur—a son.

SINCLAIR—At Toronto, on December 22, Mrs. John A. Sinclair—a son.

ALISON—At Toronto, on December 11, Mrs. M. B. Alison—a son.

HUNTER—At Painswick, on December 26, Mrs. Chris. T. Hunter—a daughter.

Marriages.

OWEN—MERRICK—At St. Catharines, on December 30, T. A. Owen, B.A., of Salon, England, to Ella A Merrick of Merrickville, Ont.

ANDREWS—HARRIS—At Aurora, Ont., on December 24, Clarence M. Andrews to Althea A. J Harris.

MOORE—TRUEMAN—At Shedden, on December 25, J. Moore, B.A., of Goderich to Lucy Trueman.

JEFFS—BROWN—At Toronto, on December 25, W. H. Jeff, M.D., of Havelock, Ont., to Minnie Brown.

WELLS—FARREN—At King, on December 25, Albert B. Wells to Annie T. Farren.

BURNS—LYON—At Sault Ste. Marie, on December 23, John Burns, jr., of Toronto, to Grace Lyons.

CLEMENT—BROWN—At Paris, Austin Clement to Fannie Brown.

CARLETON—HESLOP—At Toronto, on December 24, Edmund McLwain Carleton to Fannie Heslop.

DONAVEN—WARDELL—At Toronto, on December 25, John W. Donaven of Nobee, Ont., to Anna M. Wardell.

GREENE—LINCOLN—At Baltimore, Maryland, U. S., on December 22, Dr. Eardley Herbert Greene of Toronto to Elise Lincoln.

PATERSON—CARNAGHAN—At Ellesmere, William H. Paterson of Agincourt to Isabella Carnaghan.

SHEARSON—McCULLOCH—At Galt, on December 25, Charles A. Shearson of Savannah, Georgia, to Jessie McCulloch.

LITTLE—WILKINSON—At Toronto, on December 24, Thomas Little to Mary L. Wilkinson.

CURRY—PEARSON—At Toronto, on December 23, Hugh Curry to Rebecca Jane Pearson.

HAMILTON—OLIVER—At Toronto, on December 24, Rev James Hamilton, B.A., of Keady, to Isabel Oliver.

RITCHIE—MONTGOMERY—At Elmvale, on December 24, G. C. Ritchie to Helen A. Montgomery.

Deaths.

POLLOCK—At Toronto, on December 28, Robert Pollock, aged 67 years.

PARKINSON—At Toronto, on December 29, Mrs. Janie Parkinson.

ROWSWELL—At Aurora, on December 30, George Herbert Rowswell, aged 36 years.

VAN EVERY—At Goderich, Ont., on December 19, T. B. Van Every, aged 67 years.

ROSE—At Macedon, N.Y., on December 19, Henry Rose, aged 68 years.

LINDSAY—At Toronto, on December 26, John Lindsay, aged 80 years.

BRUCE—At Beaverton, on December 25, Hugh Bruce, aged 44 years.

GRIFFITH—At Toronto, on December 24, Thomas Griffith, aged 81 years.

STEWART—At Hamilton, on December 24, James Stewart, aged 79 years.

WHITE—At Toronto, on December 25, Sarah F. White.

YOUNG—At Doncaster, on December 25, James Young, sr., aged 66 years.

SAVAGE—At Weston, on December 26, Thomas Young Savage, M.D., aged 58 years.

COATSWORTH—At Toronto, on December 28, Emerson Coatsworth, aged 19 years.

MITCHELL—At Maple Valley, on December 20, Mrs. John A. Mitchell, aged 25 years.

INGLIS—At Toronto, on December 26, Robert M. Inglis, aged 36 years.

COLCLEUGH—At Mount Forest, on December 25, Mrs. George Colcleugh, sr., aged 73 years.

MAIR—At Fort Erie, Ont., on December 23, William Mair, aged 72 years.

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Is a marvel. The diversity of styles, range of fabrics, beauty of design and superiority of workmanship must be seen to be appreciated. For the holiday season we offer exceptional bargains in Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

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WALKERS' WINTER SALE
Bargains in Every Department
OVERCOATS Worth - - $5, $9, $12, $16
Now - - - 3, 4, 9, 12
MANTLES
Selling with a 20 per cent. reduction off the newest styles in ULSTERS, NEWMARKETS and REDINGOTES, regardless of cost.
Garments worth $7 to $9, now selling at $5
Handsome Cloaks worth $10 to $15, now only $8
Pattern Dolmans and Cloaks at Half Price
DRESS GOODS AND SILKS
Discounted 20 to 50 per cent.
A BONANZA FOR BUYERS ALL THIS MONTH
R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King Street East 18, 20, 22 and 24 Colborne Street

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen
Silks and Black Goods
Tempting Values Previous to Stock Taking.

China Silks, all the newest shades, at 25c per yard, worth 40c.
Broche China Silks, suitable for evening wear, waists, etc., at 37½c per yard, worth 60c.
Evening Silks in Surahs and Failles, at 90c per yard, regular $1.25 goods.
Black Dress Silks (celebrated makes), at 55c 70, 75, 85, 90c, $1, $1.25 per yard. Purchaser, make a saving of 25 per cent. on these goods, which nearly covers cost of making up.
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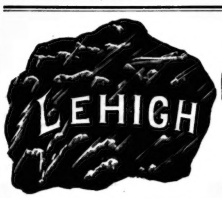

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